New American Legends

(Collection of Riian scriptures and Dark Age recovered Vellusnoid data logs)

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(A true story** (in-universe)* ***from collected data about the real people who began the end of the Dark Ages. This story finally formed after hundreds of years of secrecy by the Vellusnoid archivists and the oppression of information by the now extinct Riian Catholic Church of New Kennedia and The Eastern Coast)

Content Warning: PG13-rated material (Gore), Christian themes, themes of the demonic, violence, dramatic dark scenes

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This short story and recounting of Allahab is a work of fiction. Any names, companies, organizations, events, locales, and incidents are either used in a fictitious manner or are fictional. (Real places like Elko, and Neveda in the story are fictional versions of those places in a different world at a different time. Nothing stated here reflects or applys anything about the people, towns, cities, states, countries, organizations in real life).

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Intro to United Republic's Ancient History:

In our modern era, most of celebrity news and dramatic events are more focused on then the ancient past which defines our entire world. In these episodes, New American Riian Historical will remind fellow riians and teach foreigners, gentiles the ancient history which influences events even now. Through short stories and long essays based on many historical documents and a bit of myth mixed into it. Welcome viewers, to New American Legends! We'll start with an infamous one... The Origin of Feargatch, The King of Lasair.

The Legend of The Blazing Man

In the northern/western area of the world, the 2nd era of New America (The 2nd New America) had begun… which started with hopes of great prosperity, before the great collapse of the land in the east, the economic and religious engine of Riian world, which comprised the 2nd and 1st America… the holy kingdom of the eastern coast: Kennedia. They came to dominate the whole wide world of The Americas after the Age of Ghouls, where all hope and life seemed to be in vain. But the rise of Riism, the belief in Ri Eadrom, The Donal of Heaven ("ree ee-drum") and *Nadur Cosantoir ("nah-door con-sin-tar")*, The Vanguard of Dulra and All Nature and Humanity… which it's Catholic form raised alongside Kennedia. Once great and mighty, a beacon of light for all foreigners for many hundreds of years… now falling into flame and chaos… its tall pillars fell, like a domino, which sent the nearby nations and more further nations into a great dark fog, the path forward unknown. The Christians now rejected by all, fleeing away and now only exist in its lesser form in the land of the Three Interlinking Provinces: Bearfeatia/Barefeatia ("bare-feat-tee-ah"), the land of the Horseriders, The Land of The Bearmen… the ones who wear bear hides to terrify their foes to surrender before a battle can even be wedged. The Christian barbarians seeking their land they claim back, and the dominating Riian theocracy wealthy of Kennedia who refused. These two nations at natural odds, fought over and over again for hundreds of years. Here, in this world, a land where not even the most noble and prideful of rightful kings or queens and barons or baronesses wished not to settle. It was known as the most terrible, an hot, deadly and nearly uncrossable desert for the laymen not born in such conditions… the land dubbed: The Deadlands. But through governance, also known as the The Nevadan Province… The Great Basin.

A cruel and unforgiving wasteland of violent waves of dust, dried cracked soil and ungodly heat which would lay a full bellied traveler into a bag of bones in a mere month of pilgrimage. It's canyons and dips formed from the battle of two tallest and mightiest sons: Dusta and Liec, sons of Teaghran Maistir, The Red Skinned ("tea-gah-ran may-jest-stir"), The Worldly String Weaver; the mountain titan who betrayed his birth mother to live in the coldest and most violent of places: Mount Washing, a place that none but the gods and

people who battle against the world's order could attempt to traverse. The two giants of the desert fought both in land and sky to decide who would be the land's lord and master, battling with wood axe and long saw for seven hot windy days and seven cold blizzarding nights. In the end, Dusta would break the neck of Liec against an orange plateau, and mortals dub him: Piocadus, Lord of The Great Basin. In this land is where the infamous legend was born, in the small relatively unknown town of Elko, a town of small stone huts of barks of dried wood or rusted metal panels and roofs made of wood sticks tied by dry grass fibers.

In one more scruffy one, near the edge of town past a long, long since dried river bed and rusted bridge, the house of Maria and Jaco, the parents who normally were working the fields… but on this day, they were too busy with a birth of their son, a special birth of a strong boy. Black hair and olive skin, with orange and blue mixed and spiraling in his eyes. The baby lay on a woven basket of hay as the mother carried the beautiful, blessed child into her arms, a great joy overcoming any other, none greater than what she felt now. When the mother (Allahab's mom) saw the eyes of her child, squirming with joy and glee… playing around figure out his hands and feet. His eyes were bright and beautiful like jewels... the warmth of a small bundle of love in her arms... she surrendered again to the divine in her soul, and all she feels and think is to be a protective blanket for the future of her family and perhaps the entire village.

"My child…"

"The Donal has blessed us this day, a son of strong build. None of the kids are like this, perhaps our child may become chieftain of Elko, of the desert springs, golden town under the green Ruby Mountains. Maybe the champion of the Nevada Plains..."

"I would love him even if small, but for this precious gift… I swear it to the highest upon the beginning of the sky, to the lord Ri Eadrom…"

"Love and might…"

"I will dub him: Allahab, Coyote of the Ruby Valley, Child of the Great Basin."

And so the son of Maria and Jaco was born, right at the beginning of the turn of the age. He would be raised to be strong and capable leader, with the wisdom of a reader of the sun, and the spirit of a guardian. For years from 4 to 13 would work on the fields as a ward and serf to the only mango and fig farmer in the area, until he was ready to take the role himself. It was a good life of heavy amounts sitting down and standing up work, that naturally developed his already strong back and arms into the shape of trunks, muscle that only a

man of his birth could attain, and there would lay the respect of his village, for many boys respected power and charm… though some, envious and longing for attention themselves. But it didn't matter, passing by house to house delivering collected figs and mangos from everyone, collecting one Drew silver bent coin from each.

He carried himself along until a black-haired 13 year old boy came up screaming: "***Hey***", and seemingly ready to box with him. "You ain't the toughest and strongest first born here, yah understand that! Stop showing off with extra work and give the rest of us something to do, work thief!" Allahab turned his head to see a butcher going away from his old wood chair and slab of buffalo meat since he the glass jar and lard for it is missing. He left his butcher knife there covered in meat juice, and Allahab's eyes focused in on it. That kid… he was really annoying him, but his morals… what to do. Allahab thought about it; but he thought of his mother, and the shadow passed into nothingness, deep into the caves and its unknown lightless branches. He picked up one of the radishes from his straw basket, and give it to the annoying brat in a almost unassuming manner and walked off.

A white light of thunder lightning takes Allahab's vision like the sun, as his dream drifts away and the reality of the dark storm which consumed his vision. He was redden swollen skin, dirty in rags with his black dirty hair reaching his shoulders. The all-consuming storm which rode on the land with a elemental stampede of bulls, inside like a void… nothing visible than darkness and grains of sand blown about by heavy winds which hit at Allahab, sharpen like daggers. His feet were hairy and his soles yellowed, his sandals barely held together as he kept on the weak ground against the winds that threaten to lift him to the heavens. The only thing that kept him down was his strong legs, keeping his head and arms close to his chest, and the walking stick that he pushed deep enough into the dead rocky soil that kept him able to walk through this limbo. This old memories of Elko kept him sane, the beauty of the valley mining town. Though pained still, he remembered why he was out here… his mother when he was ten left him to go on a pilgrimage to the crown jewel of the west: Janu, to see her old family. But she never returned, and left him with his lesser parent… a drunkard and bloated fool obsessed with silly gossip and the politics of the gold mine. Allahab seeking more than a simple Fig farmer in some insignificant city, ran away after he heard of a catholic riian armed traveling party from the far east, straight from the holy city of Kennedia. The band comprised of hardy and sturdy knights who traveled from east to west often with their own sense of order haunting everywhere they go. And the priests and a few Bainisteoirs and a Maor who ride in their fancy wagons and chariots with white drabs and silk fabrics of red and gold. It's said that this band came to check a sacred shrine they have, said to hold a significant object that had divine power, which only the strong could wield and change the fate of the world. Allahab consumed by intense curiosity of this rumor, followed where the band went through directions from locals in different cities and towns,

traveling for weeks through dry cracked lands and climbing down and up canyons and mountains, running from cayotos and sleeping with bugs crawling on him. Then these weeks turned into months, as he recently ran from a twister and had to stay huddled under a tall rock through two other sand storms. But the storm now as violent as the others, it didn't matter… he was almost there, he was sure of it. Even if he died to this storm, his body found in some ditch… he would die as a warrior, a legend of Elko.

But as all hope seemed to fade, a structure seemed to appear in Allahab's eyes, far and perhaps a trick of a shadow. But it was enough, he continued on and on until he made it to the structure which candle light came from it's entrance. A stone cavern it seemed to be, but small and not connected to any underground system, all above ground. Allahab desperate to leave the storm entered the cave, and beheld riian charms of the sacred wooden vine of the guardian of good men, kind maidens, and the flow and order of nature: Nadur, The Spearman, second only to Ri himself. The steal sword by yet with the scripture in Riian (New American) Gaelic: "*The one who wielded the sword may answer to two gods, one who raised in truth and fought with it to protect their home and family from violent invaders answer the call of Ri Eadrom, a god of necessary war. But one who invades another for petty reasons will answer to the Teaghran Maistir, a god of petty war.*" .

And the symbols of sword and sun, a circle with a line on a shield, the symbol that means: Donal of the Sun and Sky, or just "The Donal". Allahab went further instead and saw a painting of Ri Eadrom with his glowing blade holding the severed head of the father of Teaghranians, the king of demons, betrayer of Mother Nature, god of time and war: Teaghran, and Ri's father. By the pigment painting where little wooden figurines of the Virgin Wives who protected women and children. To Allahab, it was all foreign, so him only worshiped the desert lord: Piocadus, who did not desire pray but only desired the blood of a lamb and the festivals in his honor. But perhaps to riians, he was a pagan god, an evil god from the graces of Ri… a powerful god king belonging to an powerful people.

Much of that though did not matter to Allahab, he kept walking through the candle lit stone halls, small and claustrophobic. He made it the final chamber, a room that wasn't lit, and in it's center, a red ruby which had no glow to it, being as dark and thick with lifelessness as the walls tof the chamber itself. Though the air felt like it stilled after a few minutes, feeling the warmth of the room was going away and gathering around the ruby. And then, in a bright show of red light it consumed the room, Allahab's felt his skin like the sun appeared in front of him. After a little while, he finally unshielded his eyes to see the ruby glowing with red energy and a spirit of feminine body and hair emerge. It seemingly hide eyes, a soft nose, mouth and chin, like a young woman… but the glow of her body made of energy made it not have any obvious features. The spirit's head turned to face Allahab than spoke:

"You of strong body and will, above others of your kind… I welcome thee to the chamber of the God Jewel, at least what you mortals comprehend my jewels as. Gifts of your god: Ri, or of the riian Mother of Nature: Dulra. But in truth I'm none of those, I'm a simple guardian among an ancient people you and no other will ever hear of, and died protecting the jewels from the wrong hands. I do not care for such things anymore, but to give power to the worthy who have the strength of many men. But the priests and their hounds were weak in body and mind, but you seem to have the feet and stature of a king.

I will grant you this jewel, the Jewel of Power. If you wish you may collect them all, as for a rare chance, three of the "God jewels" have all been scattered in this land and nearby. One of strength, and one of control of converse. Find them if you wish, and become a champion and ruler. But I do have a price… just like me, if you die you will never go to the afterlife… your soul and being will be trapped among the jewels to ever be a haunting spirit for those who dare to use it after you. You will be immortal and never be reborn, but you will always be trapped.

Remember that before you wield this object, I will go and be forgotten once again. Farewell, King of Alla, God-King of the Great Basin."

As soon as the being appeared, it vanished back into the jewel which glowed like a proper jewel, but with more, like a great energy laid inside, waiting to be awaken. Allahab didn't know wait to say or think, all he felt was the allure of it… the promise for more, something beyond what he was now. And so he took the jewel and held it in his hands, sealing his the fate of his afterlife. He held the jewel in the brittle palm of his hand and felt a great burn on his skin, and then inside his arm... red light coursing through his body body... his eyes and mouth erupting with wicked light. He raised the jewel to the sky and suddenly lightning shot out of it and destroyed the celling of the cavarn and shot into the clouds above. He looked back to the jewel in complete shock, looking around his person, he tore a long piece of dirty cloth and folded it around his arm, placing the jewel in a pouch. He tilted his head up to the heavens with his knees shaking, and his arms extended with clenched fists and teeth. He declared into the empty dark cold room, declaring the god of the desert, it's people, and to Ri Eadrom himself: "***I will never be POWERLESS AGAIN!!***" . Allahab at this moment had his current form revealed, a thin muscled though young, with a strong chin and powerful demeanor even though he was a boy. Surrender to the wind, mistaken as the hurricane, when you are merely apiece of rubble caught up in it's unthinking uncompassionate wrath.

After Allahab finds the jewel he goes to walks back through the desert for three days until making it back to civilization, in a tavern in the little outpost of the City of Sin: Jackpot, a place of gambling, shooting the night away, and generally being a drunkard and a little too free of the body. Guys with crossbows wearing leather and cowboy-like hats filled the dark

stone room of stained stables lit by lantern light. The young Allahab ignored his surroundings and headed straight to the slick wooden counter and ordered himself a strong bear. When he sat down on the uncomfortable stole that jabbed against his backside, a dead coyote and a dead deer to each other. As he started falling into his mind like a curtain going over his visions, someone called him out to his side. A familiar black-haired woman with angry thick eyebrows, a strong jaw, a plain masculine face, and olive skin tone… he knew right then it was his aunt from Elko, someone he hadn't set eyes upon for what seemed a million sunrises. In the past she helped him when his mother was away, getting situated in a new house in Elko after his last one burned down from spilled ash of a Desert weed pipe (which happened to be Poison Oak).

She tried to lead Allahab and teach him things how to do be a leader and govern, but he struggled and hated his studies, hated the world and the people around him. Now, he lives as a recluse like a nomad going place to place, finding a purpose… this jewel has ruined and made his life a living hell. But having it now… nothing has really changed and she confronts him about it. Aunt Marinos Adopoulos (or "Mare Addo"). She said his mother gave him everything and they had so much back in the village, but he threw it all away for *this*.

"***I'm indeed disappointed in you, Allahab. But… this doesn't have to all be in vain.***" She raised her glass and gulped down the entire drink of ginger ale before giving the glass back to the bartender and looked back at Allahab, wiping the foam off her face. "***Come back to the village, and you will make sure you get opportunities. But *this*? There is no life here… not near Vegas, any less you want to be a loser. You can even become a miner, maybe even train under The Griffons, and become a knight, traveling all over the American World. But, if you come, you will never *never* let you out of my sight again. We need you, Allahab.***"

She was disappointed, but offered a chance for Allahab to return, but under her eye and he can't ever leave again. Allahab's focus is on something else, a knife like the one he saw in his daydream, but with no blood.

He focused on it, all his rage, all his confusion, all his sorrows… burdens… he was strong, why should he listen to someone lesser than him? Someone who will die before he hits 35… no… he will dominate… he will mark his own destiny… Slowly, Allahab reached for the knife while Aunt Mare was talking and put it to his side, hidden away. When she got into a another spell about how Allahab was born with all and had it all, and when she looked away, Allahab raised the knife into the air. Finally he closed in, just before Aunt Mare mentioned Allahab being cursed a knife plunged into the side of her upper neck, making her fall to the ground bleeding in a fate certain to be ironic but

undeserved death. ("*A man who deals out death and judgment will become as wretched as the man who did the killing.*") Is

what a line his father once said to him before he lost himself to alcohol, and it ringed in his head like a warning, the skin of Allahab began to go white and his nerves overwhelmed. Warm gushing blood was spilled red like the jewel and unlike what he thought his entire life, he wasn't ready… for how can a boy truly know how a community's perception of you can be so grand and yet so fragile. The big guys next to him immediately jumped on Allahab to pin him down to the ground, but Allahab bit one of them and crawled away, struggling to pull out the jewel. He used the wall at the side of the tavern to get himself up and managed to take out it, but the power burned in his hands, his vines of his upper arms glowing bright red feeling like magma coursing through them. The two men and the rest in the bar tried to jump on Allahab but were thrown back by a electric magical explosion, Allahab screaming in a warcry at them: "***COWARDS! ALL OF YOU!***" The two men with the cross arms stayed after this and tried to take the jewel from him but weaseled his way out and through the door, though running into a full metal plated armored man riding a stallion seeming from the underworld with it's angry eyes and yelps of fury. Allahab yelled back with the confidence of his treasure's power fueling his feeling of invincibility, however the knight with a feathered top didn't give it a second though and hit Allahab with a iron mace straight on the ear.

When he awoke, his wrists were cuffed to chains on a rounded metal ring in the center of an brick jail cell, the door was an metal gridded one which made slithering away impossible. He patted down his pockets, but the jewel was nowhere in sight… he would be in and out of that cell for months, the knights who captured him were Griffon Legionaries, knights of Kennedia… now he was in for it. They set him and pushing a large wooden wheel that grinds chopped corn into fine meal. They were known to operate the larger trades and businesses in reap the rewards as per their contracts of protecting the villages, though apparently… they used prisoner labor.

Allahab was forced to push a stained log connected to a pully system that went round and round, alongside other prisoners.

In a unique program, Allahab was taught how to fence and write, first told to wear protective armor by his Griffon Legionarie/Kennedian teacher, but then after a few months, commended not to wear the armor and fight without it. Allahab gained many scars from this, but nonlethal, which the teacher intended, putting fear in Allahab not to screw up his next counter attack. Ten summers and winters past as Allahab was taught by a riian priest (wore green and red garments, and a sun icon with a tree passing in it's center on his rounded hat) the rudimentary history of the Riian religion and important texts in the old dark wood library of the prison that existed before the prison existed, and the history of the high nation of Kennedia, the superpower of the far east.

On the first day he met a man known as Sebastian. his buddy pushing the log with him like many others on different sides. Sebastian would talk a lot about his life, revealing maybe too much... a few days later when Allahab asked about dark skinned black haired boy who was almost skin and bones with a giant darker skin giant man... Sebastian said his name was Lochan, a impoverished orphan... and the giant man Sebastian didn't know his real name, but everybody called him: "Alexander".

One day, the legionnaires decided to bring Allahab out of his cell for something new, bringing him into the presence of an Riian nun, who acted as the Fortune Teller of the prison, blessing those with the truths from the fruits of the heavenly tree of Ri, his tree of knowledge. She didn't where clothes of the riian nun, those of purple garments and a golden cone on her head. But rather her face was hidden by a dark purple headscarf to focus your attention on the ritual and not the maiden, who was a mere vessel of Ri. She acted as the Fortune Teller of the prison, blessing those with the truths from the fruits of the heavenly tree of Ri, his tree of knowledge. She didn't where clothes of the riian nun, those of purple garments and a golden cone on her head. But rather her face was hidden by a dark purple headscarf to focus your attention on the ritual and not the maiden, who was a mere vessel of Ri.

She uses a blue powder she stated it be made of a fungus grown on Nadur, The Protector of Men and Nature's spear. It was a type of special plant with a special kind of magic, which the nun describes as a something that shows you beyond the mortal grounds and visual things, but of the truth in the very fabric of the universe, made of the bark of the Tree of Knowledge, Tree of Consciousness, Tree beyond Time and Space which forms existence… which this tree is Ri Eadrom's, the King of the Heavens and of Souls. The only way to see is to in her words: "Die and come back to your body". If your will is to die and not return to the darkness and daunting nature of reality, you will remain dead… but if you desire to live and do right… you will come back… maybe. Be prepared, son of Elko.

It was instant at first… he felt normal, a calm water before a tide wave or the calm eye of a destructive hurricane. It was calm… then things began to change, only slightly… the colors around him began to blur as he began to be able to smell things not of air or scent… but colors and smells usually too meager to be caught be men, but detectable to mutts and felines. Soon the world around him rotted and conformed into a rainbow of color, a void of endless color and light overcome both his sight and nose… then a white light as if Allahab had passed away, flying over a colossal oak tree and landing on one of it's endless branches. And there a man cloaked in leather and brown cloth stood tall, with a wooden spear that vines, worms, and small animals seem to travel around it, and it's point being made of rough craved stone, formed seemingly by hitting it from some other rock. Tribal and ancient, like an ancient human from millions of years ago… yet Allahab could sense the man whose was

faceless in the shadow of his cloak that he was of divine nature. And his spear… that spear… it could only be one. ***"You are Nadur Cosantoir… the-the Spearman."***

The cloaked man clucked but his voice seemed echo and sound across the everywhere Allahab could see, like the man was everywhere speaking to Allahab in every direction… but he was right there, a man. This is not possible, but could it be? Could Allahab attain such godly power with the jewels?

No. The man mysteriously responded, almost answering Allahab's question in his mind.

"You are born of the divine like any man, but you weren't destined for it nor deserve it. Me and Ri fought for a world that was better than Teaghran's, the world defined by what you define as "The Dark Ages". Truthless and breathless, and controlled by lies of mankind's nature. But power will not give you what I have, what I have is plentiful and contentment in truth of the spirit… you are motivated by yourself and only yourself, and so you have very little to offer your worshipers."

"What the difference between you and men then, huh!? What makes you above me and mankind and you and Ri were born out of the same god?"

That's your burden to bare, your truth to find… I will not answer it. But know you almost had it, you almost had the answer if you stayed on the path and balanced the scale of your soul against its winding nature. But you left it, because of power… I never wanted power nor asked for it. In my earliest years of godhood, I never imagined this would be who I am, you cannot control life or what happens to you. You guide yourself based on the people you love and stay with, and the decision you make to help them in their weak moments, like they should when you are stopped by your natural weakness.

"What's that?"

What's what?

"My weakness? What weakness?"

But that would not be answered, as Nadur's appearance slowly disappeared into a thin vapor like a mirage and the entire tree and space around it dissipated and Allahab found himself standing up in the nun's dark room of garments and the fortune teller gesturing for Allahab to sit back down. ***"What did you see, young man?"*** The nun asked curiously with her head tilted

"hmph... What you wanted." Him saying it with almost a sigh

"***Very well, we will take him back.***" One of guards stated as they grabbed Allahab's arm as the other preceded to do as well and prepared to take him back to his cell. But the nun interjected:

"***Wait, the ritual hasn't been completed. We need to honor the two kings for their gift.***"

The guards reluctantly obeyed and force-ably pushed Allahab back into his seat.

"***beannaigh the Donal nic Nadur, riora an flaithiunas nic talmhaigh. Let thee deoin bi cuir thar abhus asam e ni ina neamh. Grace for talmhaigh! Grace for Donal!"***
(Bless the Donal and Nadur, kings of Kingdom of The Heavens and Earth. Let their will be done here as it is in Heaven. Grace for talmhaigh! Grace for The Donal!")

He returns to his cell after the blessing; The guards talks about The Dark Agas while walking Allahab to his cell, and once he is in his cell one of the bigger body guard asked: "***What's the Dark Ages anyway?***"

The guard with the grayer beard laughs and responds: "***I can give you a basic summary. It was a age of shadow and dark towers, which humans were ruled by secret warlords and delusional kings all who were teaghranians, demons who lived amongst mankind in the mortal realm. Common knowledge was non-extinct and lies and deception ran every society to the ground as uncreative demons, who were not blessed, could not for the life of them build anything complex, build simplified iron obelisks and slim towers in their own name.***

They wrote like apes and their own technology their ancestors built to bring higher evolution, brought greater stupidity, and arrogance."

"Why arrogance, man? I don't understand why the priests keep describing that age like that."

The talkative guard shifts his helm a bit, and looks around to see anyone else is nearby, then leans to the other guard while his back is still on the wall, with his arms crossed with a polearm in between.

"Because… arrogance is born from untested ideas. You believe it, but you don't test it… how do you become humbled? If you just take ideas and use tech without understanding how it was made, you think it's easier than it really is. That's our baseline as mad ragging apes. We

too know our limits, so we don't make terrible decisions. And because of that… that arrogance, The green and life was mowed, more towers placed… more smoking machines, until all the world was then fire and ash. After an age of truer suffering and poverty, unlike any other commenced. But out of it, Malo The Just Rebel emerged with the guidance of Nadur and destroyed the slavery in The City of Raleigh, capital of The Jericho Alliance, The Four Cities. Then as Saint Malo, he lead the great change which blessed the world with a holy light, and then the world became greener and more life-like... this is the world we live in now. Still chaotic, but not too shabby."

"***What was the change?***"

"***OH… That's simple though complex... Saint Malo changed the world by simply making the darkness and it's dangers common knowledge, revealing the teaghranians, who by their nature are cowards... so ran from the light back to their father, the Great Deceiver.***"

Allahab listened to this story, laying his back on the cold stone block in his cell, while throwing a piece of rumble repeatedly in the air. He listened, and he thought… the words giving him pause.

The training begin as kennedian soldiers practice fencing with the thin Allahab, which his first times cause he to get a few sword cut marks on his arms and his shoulders. Luckly, the soldiers were trying to put some cut marks to let him know what real pain of a swordfight felt like. Another trial was him having to brick a solid 10-inch thick and 10 feet length and height stone block in the middle of a section of the segmented labor courtyard. Whipping his back, everytime to he failed to punch far enough until his normal human knuckles bleed and bones cracked. He would have to excused for days to recover and then given double the labor on the giant grinding floor wheel for "slacking off", and the disfavor of the other prisoners. They had ten griffion legion soldiers tackle him all at once, which nearly threaten to break all the bones in Allahab's body. Then, another trial of carrying big 5 gillion buckets of water to the front and back of the prison courtyard 20 times each day… first falling over in exhaustion as his shoulders cracked from the pressure. The jewel grew dark and unresponsive the more the months went by, and then years, confounding the legionaries studying the "ancient tech" they claimed it to be, though it was so far from that.

But Allahab kept going and survived, eventually his strength grew twice. He was able to parry and block with the grace of a swan and savagely hit with a fury of a coyote or grizzly bear. The ten soldiers that were experienced and giant men, were knocked over by pins by the Allahab… now he could carry the water buckets filled with 15 gillions of water without

even putting his hands up, laying it on his back lazily and carrying two other people on his arms. He punched through the stone block with his entire arm length with ease. Allahab's pupils slowly becoming more red, the jewel becoming more dim. He received over this time 150 whip scars on his back, his bones and muscles torn and broken 200 times, and 70 sword and spear wounds, passing out 50 times. He back reforged into a great mythical bear's, covered in old scars, his arms covered in tattoos in Riian language runes: "FORTHREISE BAIN AS" on one arm and the other: "BUNCHEART". A riian maor from Kennedia that came to see the operations of the prison, looking at his arms, he said it out-loud in some bit of terror: "Might Makes Right".

Nothing could stop the beast that the legionaries made now, their perfect soldier, their weapon against the Bearfeatians and all that stand to gain value from the Dark Ages. Their relics and left technology, what they left behind nearly all destroy physically by the Griffon Legion over a period of 200 years in the name of Nadur.

The summer would pass, and near the middle of one winter, under a full moon… in the chamber where all the treasures and weapons the prisoners had before they were imprison stayed. And in a special podium, with a cube glass classing over it, the jewel finally glowed after years of being as dull as a rock. It shook violently and then launched itself out of the chamber door window which was iron-bared, and flew in a bright show of light pass the sleepy guards who now stood awake and shook. Passing through many halls, and into Allahab's cell, and ripping the cuffs off of Allahab and entering his hand. The dirty, rougher, though bigger Allahab felt the sting of it like before, but now it had no effect on him... he biceps and thighs were as large as tree trunks now, his body like stone. The legionaries trained him too well, and now the jewel of power was in his hand, and he could finally use it.

With one lightning bolt strike the walls of his jail cell crumbled and the outside world was revealed, he left the building though it was not over. Legionaries poured out with bows, maces, and short and long blades and chased Allahab down like rabid dogs. But Allahab did not care and chase them back like a raging bear. A horserider charged in with a lance, and Allahab stood on his feet, and punched the leg of the horse and surprisingly made it full to the ground. The soldiers stood back in pure shock as a mere man made a tall healthy horse fall to the ground on its side. And Allahab threw his arm in the air and punched the horse in it's neck, which the force of it was so unhuman that it choked the poor creature to slow death. The men around this... beast... this unhuman abomination they helped create stood around like piss ants. Allahab grabbed the blade of the perplexed horseman who was too terrified to fight or even move, and he screamed a warcry. The Griffon legionaries got back to their senses and charged at him, and one managed to take his jewel away only to have his vines glowing red and reddish white light pouring out of his mouth and eyes as it burned his insides. Allahab took his jewel back and create a red bolt of lightning in his hand and threw it

at a few knights as he fought two more to his right side. The battle was long and hard for the knights, but in the end, they could overcome the man from Elko

The sun rose out of the horizon showing the corpse of fifty knights that made the prison's guards litter across the dried soil of the stone brick prison courtyard. Allahab went back inside and freed the murderers and thugs and had him join the beginning of his traveling war band.

Among the 350 residents of strong bodied and vicious, and a few starved and weak... there were six that Allahab pointed out and chosen as his main commanding officers. First was Sebastian The Mace, thin tall pale looking man who his strength was not obvious, wielding a lethal iron mace on his hip. Sebastian was a serial murderer and sexually assaulted many women, though unlike any other, he would never tell a lie which is what made him ended up in prison. The second was Lochan The Arrow, brought in because he stole apples from an market he was a mere starving boy, someone who shouldn't be in a prison. His mother died at a young age and he was forced to survive on the streets of Jackpot for years until a Griffon Legionnaire finally caught him and brought him here. But Allahab seeing one who knew he could bring to his side, he trained and buttered up Lochan as a keen and skilled archer, even learning through books and through special training by one of the wardens who to tame an eagle. Lochan would find a dying baby raven and rise him, and dub him: Akasha, for the everlasting sky. He himself now wore a thick mustache and soft muscle and was the most loyal to Allahab.

Skulk The Rouge was a mastermind thief who broke through endless banks across Neveda for 20 years until caught in an infamous curved sword duel in Reno which almost cost her life and ended her up the prison. Alexander The Tiger was a giant black plumb cheeked man, who was the tallest and widest man in the prison at whopping 8,5 in length, other than Allahab, he would be the second strongest with strong muscles though with some chubbiness in the belly. He had abused and killed 90 women before being found by the Griffon Legion, and now would become Allahab's goliath, his example of a tiger. Ceaser The Blade was once a Griffon Legionnaire until he got into the drug and forbidden dark age tech business and was punished severely with several long scars on his back. And lastly Malo The Shield, the biggest nerd in the prison who read and studied everything book of war and was a infantry soldier in a few previous wars in Bearfeatia, Kennedia, and Jefferia. Since he was mostly a shield carrier, he was dubbed the name.

With these commanders and his remaining 280, the rest leaving to the hills, he would announce: "***Today, mark today. For you, my commanders, and my followers! This will be our first mark on Nevada and first of many victories yet to come! Follow me, follow me to glory!***" The remaining 10 awake soldiers would join with Allahab and bring horse from the stables to

show loyalty to him, and they all set off as 290 back into the main ancient roads which first begins in a certain familiar town.

A whole summer would pass, and on a nice cool winter night deep in the Nevadan wildness, a tavern in lonely town Jackpot would be having its tenth anniversary since rebuilt from the fire all those years ago. Commotion was rampant in the "sort-of" nice establishment, fun and flare you could call the rough-housing, flopping bear bellies and loud unconstrained burps. Though this anniversary would not be celebrated by the inhabitants of the gambling town, but by an common thug gang of roughens and empty headed mobsters known as: The Desert Lions, who had already ran amok in the small town. They were celebrating their robbery and debauchery with their pints of bastard beer and aged brown whiskey, form mustaches covering their lips as they danced shoulder to shoulder like the jolly drunkards they were.

The leader of the Desert Lions himself, a long dirty blonde bearded with a smile and breath that would make a mother faint, and a blood-stained bandana and roughen leather/slightly torn pale yellow gambeson. An rusted axe on his right side and two slutty women on his thighs. Tied to a metal necklace, and marble slot that lay softly on the man's chest which had a glowing blue jewel in it's center that the leader pulled away from the women, hypnotize by its brilliance. The leader tried to relax, it was a long day and he out of everyone, needed a drink. The doors suddenly open wide, candles unlit and lit. A figure blew in and disappeared like the wind, which the gang leader noticed for just a split of a second, but after a few more seconds payed it no heed and rejoined himself in the pleasure of the company of his harem. Though the leader could not help but notice the large shadow passing by the crowds of his men, moving in the shadows but too quick to be understandable. He could not help but feel uneasy, but he dismissed it again as a brown-haired lady in a skirt warmly touched his chin and moved his gaze toward her. "***HELLO!***"

The leader jumped up and threw his drink at the noise next to him, and he started to look to his side realizing he had made a bad move. A man standing like a tower over him, the muscles of a bull and the black hair like the mane of a roaring lion. One of his eyes… like water and fire, battling forever… the other with a long scar to his chin and into his scape, his eye now only white and foggy dim. A long blade from Elko at his side, the leader knew of the rumors of the runaway from Elko… but know he stood before him, not a boy anymore.

"A***re you the leader among these people?***"

"***Y-yes… (*ahem*)… yes I am! What business is to you?***" Allahab tilted his body a bit in response, and leaned his back against the counter, with his hands crossed at his lap. He raised his hand to point the leader's chest and said:

"***What you wear around you neck. That's what I require.***"

"***This?!***" The leader holds up the jewel stuck in the marble casing mockingly. "***This what you want?***"

"***You don't deserve it, you are only a man. I'm the only one who could wield that kind of jewel.***"

"***Wha-? You think you can just wield a God Jewel? With your bare hands? Let me *show* you the kind of power you are joking about here. You beat me with this thing, and you can have my entire crew. Free of charge! But you lose… you have to give us everything you own… all your jewelry… the red one definitely… and… probably guessing your clothes too…***"

"***Clothes?***"

"***Boys! Don't you think this fine town deserve to see a fool dance around with not even a clean handkerchief to cover his itsy bitsy *wenner*?!***"

The whole tavern was filled with laughter at the expense of Allahab. But no response came from Allahab, he stared around at the men and saw dogs barking at their owner's word. Men could be strong, and brave… or cowardly and dim… but among all, all men were dogs. You had rabies, the lone strays, but most were part of a pack. And all men knew loud voice, pandering, and strength decides a leader naturally. Allahab did not need to say much, all he said was: "***Enough talk, begin the game.***" . One man gives out an arm and one another and they met in the middle, two working hands, though one though stained was softer and the other strong and thick from repeated scarring and healing of hard labor. One took his blue jewel out of his necklace and into his unused hand, while Allahab never used his. The jewel's energy spread into his skin like a weed, glowing in his vines as it traveled through his muscles which seemed to give him much more strength as he pushed Allahab's arm closer to his right side of the wood table with a fancy vintage flower design. But it didn't last long as Allahab defied the nature of the jewel and pushed it back with his greater strength. The bout lasted for only a minute longer as the jewel burned the bandit's body and he could not take it anymore and fell to the floor, yelling for one of his men to take the jewel off his hand. A thin man with a brown alfro and another were chubbier ginger with a eyepatch got a rusted wrench and careful grabbed it out of his hand and quickly threw it across the room as other men moved out of it's path.

The men looked astonished but before they can think, Allahab made his proclamation as he moved around the next the outline of the crowded group of thugs like a politician:

"***You see that! You know of the jewel's power! It may seem overwhelming, but it has a purpose. It gives strength, great strength. And you ask? Why didn't your… false… *pathetic* leader could not defeat me with such a powerful object? I tell you, he was so weak compared to me that the jewel could not make up the difference. He can't even wield it for long, and neither can *you*! WHY? Why I say this? Look at this-***" Allahab picks up the gleaming jewe of blue sparking light in his hand, the very jewel emitting energy that traveled through Allahab's arm's veins and made though glow blue for all to see… but… no pain? No screaming or wincing? He held the power of lightning, the strength of the high gods in heaven. Nothing could stop him now… he held up the jewel for all the see and spoke loudly and barked like a military commander to all in the room.

"***You see?! I'm immune! Because unlike *he* and you all… I am the only one strong enough to wield not one… but TWO! Two God jewels!" He takes off his red one and hold each jewel in each hand up in the air for everyone in the room to see. "Who better to lead a gang so big, among my current men and you decent lot than someone who is strong! Strong! Not a man who loses to his own set game! But an unbeatable mortal! The strongest man in the Great Basin, in the desert… in the world! A demi-god born to give you everlasting *riches*!!***"

The men of Desert Lions cheered their new leader as the old one grunted on the floor. "***You will no longer be the Desert Lions, for that was the name you were under by your failed boss. Today!... Today, you will be the ravagers of the plains, the scourge of the orange soil and the horizon. The haunt of the snowy to the dry peaks along our boundaries. The hidden *knife* that always fears and respects their masters. We… we are the Sand Tigers! Rulers of the Basin, rulers of Nevada!***" Another great cheer came forth by not just in the tavern, but also the 150 free prisoners outside who cheered for their campion.

They went down from near border of the Montana Kingdom and right on the border in the kingdom of Bearfeatia to the east and rode down for three whole moons. They rode by active and then dried remains of Salmon Creek, and over old pilgrimage roads, across of heavenly visages of sunny sky with white clouds shaped like the yellow hilly plains of thugs under them, and then brown and red clay hills filled with ditches and inclines of an treacherous nature; which a good deal of thugs fell and died in. But what kept Allahab interested was the constant view of the crown mountain, three points that went into the sky… he thought it may even by where his god: Piocadus, who lived in the remains of his twin brother… as he chewed a piece of pemmican prepared by Sebastion with mix of leg

meat recently hunted bison, and made by Alexander the last student of the lost ways of the sacred Indians. Many drinking cups of turmeric and red switchel (a drink of ginger/vinegar water sweeten with molasses) that was prepared days later, sitting in six gallon sized glass jars on each side of Sebastian The Mace's horse, the master of switchel brewing. When they arrived at the mountain though, the three points were gone… a trick of the eye, common deception of his god, the master of the thin illusionary wavy curtain of mirage. They finally stopped at the town of Wells, a settlement in the middle of a lone green woodland and pillaged and rested for three days until heading off down more easier ancient roads.

Near Wills as they pass was a collected of small mountains that formed which were called Small Cedar Mountain, but Allahab as he rode horseback near it remembered his mother mentioned the mountain was the very spine of Piocadus which Liec tore and threw away from him, and this is why Piocadus was always known as: "The Spineless Ruler of Neveda". The rest of the trip to Ely took less than five days to get to. And finally passing by the abandoned homes of the Sprune Mountains, the beginning of dust twister country as ride forward into the town of Ely, the town of rainbow and ancient dirty white slopes. Before he even arrived at his desired location, word was spreading around of the pillaging of a mad group of thugs across the north and center of the Neveda Province. Though the word would never make it back to it's intended destination, because the messenger was apprehended by the Sand Tigers and dealt with accordingly. Allahab and a few of his men went to go into the gambling and desert center of the Basin: Las Vegas.

This group was comprised of only six: Allahab, Sebastion The Mace, Lochan The Arrow, Shulk The Rouge, Alexander The Tiger, strong bandit among the original Desert Lions, and a mysterious hooded man with a rope tied to his neck on Allahab's horse, the strongest, tallest and fastest of the steeds.

They approached across the large orange mountain range that encircled the town like a natural wall, and going past it another smaller man-made outer wall of both stone and wood is there, eight watch tower were spread out across a significant distance, though still smaller than the ancient structures that were there long before the wall was made. A large gate stood at the southern edge which seemed to lead into two separated stone buildings or "barbicans", very likely with death holes in the ceiling. Allahab and his men were dressed in clothing of Jefferian origin, a country far into the east, but would be consider a middle nation in the vastness of North America map. They wore cornucopia copper helmets and long green caps with metal-plated armor, stuff they stole from a random village that happened to have Jefferian soldiers. Alexander being as tall as he is and dark-skinned was dressed in traditional Rocker clothing, swamp resistant cotton and leather shirt, pants and

large boats going to his knees, a white ghostly mask and feathered green copper helmet like the Kennedians.

When reached the gate, two large Griffon knights (foreign knights from Kennedia, further east than Jefferia, and above Rocker) stood with feather helms, chest and elbow armor, though only normal yellow pants and leather boats below.

"***Hold!***" Shouted the guard on the left. "***You aren't food or water traders, and we don't sell human beings here. Be gone!***"

Allahab with a snarl responds: "***This isn't a slave, but a prisoner. An infamous bandit from the north, you may have heard of his followers. The Desert Lions? They happened to come across us during our pilgrimage to San Joses, and tried to *rob* us. But we aren't Jefferians as you know, we have fought many wars and bandits weren't going to get us cornered...***"

"***Oh you were going to see the Carquinez Strait? Or travel along the biggest bay in the world? I road alongside the bay once, many good folk and attractions around those-***"

"***Be quiet. What business do you have here?***"

"***I assume there are bounties on this man's head, we want an audience with the king to settle the debt of my party's long journey.***"

"***The king of the city?! Don't be absurd. If you want an audience with the king you need to book an appointment first. We can tell him you are here and see if he is interested.***"

Allahab shook his head disappointingly, but in his head he could not stand this drivel anymore.

"***Haha... do you know who you are talking to? I'm an lieutenant from the Jefferian legion.***"

"*We don't care about middle nation men or their issues. You got no documents or things to trade… which isn't in human lives. Then you can go right the fuck off, "captain"..*"

"*Do you? I've been sent by the king himself to secure the peace treaty of the California province. Neveda is a part of that province as well, right? If my king would hear that Nevedian men attacked me and my men, he could spread word to Bearfeatia that the city of Law Vegka, the ruling city and order keeper of Neveda had broken their pact in the Treaty of The West. The Kingdom of San Joses would be enraged if a city under so much supervision and with already bad history would have indangered their treaty with Bearfeatia, the mighty Texan Empire, and the Mejico Kingdom. Bearfeatian horseriders which could wipe the Kingdom of San Joses out in weeks, and the last two already eyeing for a chance to take San Joses and *this* land as their own.*

Let's just say... Law Vegka could be on the chopping block, and the king of this city would want to know what had happened. And of course, who would the king not blame but the guards that "shooed" away a high ranking officer of the Jefferian army and his party."

The two once steady men were shaking in their boots, and the critical one only had one thing to say.

"*You may enter, sir.*"

They entered through the gateway and the dangerous two barbicans and entered the great pale stone spectacle of a city. Allahab and his men walked through the large valley of the large gambling city of Law Vegka and seeing the many markets of almost all dried foods and for water, a precious commodity in these wastelands... And how these fools and criminals operated, a city ran by and operated by bad actors, and the poor civilians live under live under intended or unintended oppressive influence. But that didn't matter, it was enough for Allahab to use that to his advantage. Sebastian The Mace brought up the rear, his pockets jingling with the spoils of their latest venture. Eyes, sharp and calculating, darted from face to face, searching for any signs of… opportunity. The others were the same way, being in a city filled with so much

The marketplace teemed with life, a stark contrast to the desolate landscape that surrounded the city. Colorful awnings fluttered in the hot wind, displaying a medley of wares that promised sustenance and relief from the relentless sun. The air was thick with the scent of roasting meats and the faint sweetness of ripening fruits, a tantalizing aroma that belied the harsh reality of the wasteland. The stallholders called out in desperate voices, their faces lined with the hardship of surviving in a place where water was worth more than gold.

"Look at these fine figs, fresh from the groves!" a woman shouted, holding up a basket of plump purple fruit. ***"You scamming me, lady?"*** A ruffian male wearing a rounded hoodie, with a thick grey beard with jet black hair in eternal frown, with an uncountable amount of forehead wrinkles. ***"This is RAW!"***

"Get your armor here! Strong enough to make an arrow bounce! Cheap-cheap prices!!" a man bellowed, banging on a makeshift rack of scavenged metal.

"Getcha yah chairs here mannn! Getcha yah chairs!!! Wood, oak, pine, red maple, alder, green ash, quaking aspin-"

They kept walking, their eyes scanning the horizon for the telltale glint of a guard patrol.

"Keep moving," Allahab whispered to his gawking subordinates, who couldn't help themselves with their own lust and need for food, alcohol, smokes and women. ***"We will have it all… just walk to the center."***

Their prisoner shifted uncomfortably, the rough fabric of the bag scratching his skin. The rope was tight, but not yet cutting off his air. The market grew denser as they approached the city center. The chatter of haggling filled their ears, along with the distant sound of slot machines and the faint whine of a guitar. Law Vegka, once a gleaming bastion of excess, was now a crumbling fortress of desperation, a place where dreams had turned to dust. Yet, amidst the ruin, life found a way to thrive, twisted and resilient.

The trio ascended the pale stone steps of a desert palace, a stark contrast to the ramshackle stalls surrounding it. The steps had once been gleaming white, but now bore the stains of

time and the relentless march of the elements. The guards stationed before the grand archway were an exotic sight in the wasteland, clad in flowing robes of deep blue and burnt orange. Turbans wound with gold thread crowned their heads, and they held tall gold-tipped three pronged spears that gleamed in the unforgiving sun.

The warlord stepped forward, his voice a low rumble that seemed to resonate through the very air. ***"We come with a gift for King Jupi Tar."***

One of the guards, his face a mask of indifference, eyed them warily. ***"And what makes you think the King of Law Vegka, capital of Nevada, King of Nevada, would be interested in what you have to offer?"***

Sebastian stepped up, flashing a grin that was equal parts charm and menace. ***"Let's just say it's a... special delivery."*** He patted the bag on the prisoner's head, eliciting a muffled groan.

The two guards' eyes narrowed, but they remained unmoved and spoke in sync***. "You must be new to the city."*** A tone laced with disdain. ***"We won't let anyone see King Jupi Tar, not until his royal bath is done… and especially not Jefferians dressed like beggars."***

"Who said this was the capital of Nevada, huh?" Allahab approached them.

"Where was Vegka when the Kennedians arrived? Where was Vegka when the Bearfeatians ransacked our cities and burned our crops to prevent the Kennedians from gaining here? Where was Vegka when the people of Elko and the cites of the north thristed and straved for generations, huh? Law Vegka, capital? Capital of nothing. We pulled ourselves up, and yet you claim it's yours... YOUR VICTORY, YOUR EFFORTS!"

The guard's expression grew sterner, his grip tightening on his spear. ***"Silence."*** he barked as the giant Allahab that towered over them both started to approach, ***"or you'll find yourself in a cell so deep, you'll think the sun is a myth-m-ahhhOOWW!"***

Allahab had enough of the guard's arrogance, grabbed the two guard's by their ears and squeezed them with his ungodly strength, making their ears bleed. The guards dropped their spears and gave up resistance, and Allahab fling them like pancakes off their feet, and to the bottom of the steps.

The crowd in the market had gathered around the commotion, whispering among themselves. The guards lay writhing at the base of the steps, clutching their ears, as blood stained the ground beneath them. Lochan and Sebastian exchanged a look, and with a nod, they stayed outside and awaited Allahab with their prisoner.

With a dramatic flourish, Allahab threw open the heavy doors to the banquet hall. The room fell silent as the Warlord stalked in, his presence demanding attention. The air was thick with the smell of roasting meats and spiced wine, a stark contrast to the dust outside. The room was opulently decorated with tapestries and gold-plated artifacts, remnants of a time before the wasteland had claimed the city.

"Oh my! What is a peasant doing in my royal room? Oh ho ho, what silliness." The king ate another grape as he laid his back and head on his comfy divan.

The king, a portly man with a greasy beard, sat at the head of a long table, surrounded by his laughing court. They feasted on a spread that would make the market traders outside weep with envy. He was dressed in a velvet tunic that had seen better days, but the gold threads that ran through it still gleamed in the torchlight. His crown, a garish collection of gold and tinsel, sat on yet a surprising full grey head hair… by a time of greatness and combat long since passed from the king.

Jupi Tar wiped his greasy mouth with a velvet napkin. ***"And who do you think you are to make such a demand?"*** he sneered, his court stiffening in response.

"Allahab, the Warlord of The Sand Tigers, King of Thieves… The Messiah." he announced, the blasphemy causing ripples of angry across the room… nobles and riian preachers screaming

for him to get lost. ***"We've brought you a gift from the north, a token of our appreciation for your...hospitable rule. Come to me now, leave your seat... and see it for yourself."*** Allahab's words were a challenge that hung in the air.

Jupi Tar's eyes narrowed, his curiosity piqued despite his feigned indifference. "***Bring the prisoner too me!***"

"I cannot."

"N-no! Who do you think I am" The king responded in a short fearful chuckle.

Brought out at knife point and the guards blocked off by Sebastian and Lochan, and others being strangled bare handed by Alexander... he was thrown to his knees in-front of his own palace of his fathers. The crowd gathering as they were guided by Lochan and the other Sand Tigers with "the greatest spectacle of their lives", and others following the crowd or dragged by the sight of the high king of Law Vegka thrown to his knees in-front of his own majestic palace, which was seen by the people as a part of the monarch himself.

"People of Law Vegka, heed my words today!"

On the hill of orange stone stairs leading into a large palace which four tall barjeel wind towers stood around a rounded roof which three golden balls ascended to heaven. While Allahab is performing around, showing off his prowess and charisma, making the public know him well.

"You-you stole those! That was red jewel! I recognize it from Kennedia, The City of the Hanging Gardens' vaults. Encased in a white tomb, covered in holy water. That does not belong to *you*! It belongs to the rightful lords of the Americas! The Kennedians!"

The king shaking and trying to break his restraints, as his head is pushed to the ground… both an expression of terror of an age lost and fury at being pushed down to this unfair state. Allahab assumes the king is saying he doesn't deserve them.

“So you think you, a “agent” of Kennedia… deserve them?”

Allahab approached and looked away, putting his large hands on the king’s shoulders, leaning his head down to look into the king’s eyes. The King’s eyes said yes… though the king was not always wise, he valued his reputation amongst the public more than his life. The crowd watching on with awe and confusion, one of the men taking a piece of paper and drawing the face of Allahab on a bounty poster… while the other honorable men put their arms around their wives and the unstable looking on with awe or are cheering with ever end of Allahab’s proclamations.

“I have more right to them then you, peasant thief! I’ve fought in wars and conflicts on land and over-seas, and seen horrors you couldn’t *possibly* imagine. What you could do, would never shock me!”

Allahab chuckled… he takes off his blue God jewel of strength and puts it in the king's hand, immediately the king shouts and screams in pain as the jewel seems to be charring and blackening his hand. When his arm is completely charcoal, then Allahab and takes it off his hand, and looks to the crowd.

"How can he be your true king, when a jewel of strength and empowerment burns and hurts him? Even one of your kids can hold it longer than this moron. But look! Look at my hand! It doesn't hurt me at all! For I can wield divine strength, and by divine right I was chosen to rule. And the king... obviously not! Here! There's a man I have that can even wield it longer..."

Allahab gestures to Lochan and uncloaks the bagged man and it's revealed to be an beaten and now thin made of the once leader of the Desert Lions. Allahab’s puts it in his hand, and sure enough, even though wincing, he holds it ten seconds longer than the king.

"See? And you know what occupation this man has? Huh?... He's a bandit! A nobody! And the gods see he is more worthy than your current lowly pseudo king!"

One of the guards near the end of the side of the long stairway by the castle entrance can't take this treason anymore...

"No more!"

He quickly raises his crossbow and fires a shot at showboating The arrow flies with no restriction but stopped right when its tip hits the bandit lord's face as he with the speed of an fly grabs the arrow's shaft. All the effort of the guard could be seen was a little bruse with a little stream of blood trickling down the bandit's right cheek.

"Haha... hey merry men. Do you see this? What may we call this, an arrow? Or..."

"A calling for war!"

"Yes, Lochan... if the guard wants to see bloodshed, he will have it! Sound our warcry!"

Lochan takes off a large horn attached to his belt and puts it between his lips and sounds a terrifyingly deafening signal of an organic fossil that can be heard for several miles.

"Stable!"

His black horse rushes to Allahab's side as Allahab unsheathes his sword and rushes forward in a scream, while the rest of his men scattered in different directions to kill guards and cause their own brand of chaos. cried Allahab. His black horse like the merciless night rushes to his side as Allahab unsheathes his sword and rushes forward with his sword pointing the way in a scream. This is while the rest of his men scattered in different directions to kill guards and cause their own brand of chaos. The king and the unconscious Desert Lion leader left there for unknown reasons to them. Allahab on his wild stead rushes through the city completely straight ahead from the it’s center from the King’s castle to the gate, while summoning the power of the red jewel into his sword and blasting away and burning away with red roaring loud lightning the homes of laborers, working joes, and housewives. Lochan and Shulk The Dagger like quiet mouses went behind many guards who were still confused as what caused the sudden loud noises, and were killed in such a fashion where not even a breath could come through their lips before their necks were broken. But the rest of the unexperienced guards and the Griffon Legionary war experts lived long enough to see the fires and smoke arising from the smoke in the city and acted quickly and sounded the bells along the walls.

However, the murderous and strong Alexander The Tiger was pushing men off the wall and into the long stretch of height below like a rampaging elephant, with Sebastian The Mace knocking off the ones who managed to hold for dare life with only their tried fingers stopping them from plummeting to a lethal back injury. While many innocent guards who never seen a raid in their lives died quickly, their commanding Griffon Legionaries put up more of a fight against Alexander and Sebastian, going to a lethal combat. One of them named: Lucius Donal Lear, one of the highest ranking ones there, was rooming around his office in the bottom of the surrounding wall and desperately searching while trying to ignore the slaughter happening upstairs. He managed to find in his closet filled with old dusted military gear an olden cage where an old looking pigeon was eating bits of dusty birdseed. He took the cage to an open window and put it on an craved desk of ponderosa pine, and sat down and quickly wrote a message down on a scroll of thin wood and mumbled to himself:

"*City status Report 51#CODE_RED*

Area: An Capital class City: Law Vegka*, Nevada*

Date: 7/14/255NA (Second New America Years: 67)

Lieutenant Number 652: Lucius Donal Lear.

Critical situation in the city. Surprise raid was occurred precipitated by the escapees of Greys Landing and ruthless infamous gang Desert Lions of Northern Nevada. Request for immediate backup, 3,000 strong from Kennedian or foreign soldiers stationed in San Joses, Montana Province, Austia (Texan Republic), or Bearfeatia. Urgent need necessary, most guards and legionaries killed. Request for crusade of the reclaim of the lands of America suggested, permission to ask for Maor Council support-"

"***Support won't come, Lucius. Those people are too far to care about little old Vegas.***"

The legionary stumbled backward as he retreated to the back of the room, and unsheathed his short curved blade.

"***How the hell you know my name?! Stay back!***"

Out from the darkness, the light from the window illuminates the side of Lochan's face and wide eyed stare, with his machete in hand dripping with blood.

"***Don't you recognize me? I'm one of the many residents of your station, or would you even call me and my people that, eh? Afterall you were very clear anytime you passed through our side of town, seeing us starving and weak, punishing those who steal to give us bread… giving us nothing but scraps from your big meals at the castle. You always had a problem with us… but it seems Ri himself blessed me and my mother today, eh?***"

"***What are-AH!?***"

Lochan tore the cage from the legionary's hand and threw it along with the bird inside out the hot window, while Lochan's blade gently pushed against Lucius's neck, as the fear of death made Lucius hug the corner of the room. His eagle would catch the cage and bring it back his master, Lucius shook now seeing the truth consequences of training criminals as knights before his very eyes. Lochan smiled seeing the man he hate feel such fear towards him, he couldn't gained respect as a man, so he must have to become a monster for the world and his king to accept them among the halls of time. After that only Lochan would know the ending as the fighting alongside the outer walls calmed down as the ones who remained were the archers in their pesky towers causing real trouble for the invaders. Alexander was shot with 15 arrows in his body before he finally collapsed while Sebastian hugged the sides of the tower for dear life. But as the favor finally seemed to go to the archers, in a noise seemed to come from the distance outside of the city, but there was nothing there and yet it got louder. It seemed like hooves banging against the ground and quick motion, but where could it be? And suddenly, like as suddenly like a twister forming, hundreds of horses and armed men covered the viewable horizon like a shadow as they rode from the top of the mountain range toward the gate of the city. In a panic, the archers started shooting toward the quickly approaching army, but sudden lightning destroyed the two towers by the gate making the archers fall to the ground below; Allahab had finally finished his destructive rampage across the city and made it to the gate. The gate wouldn't survive long either, as it too fell to the will of the God Jewels.

"***Men of Law Vegka! You would serve a weak bodied and cowardly king! Rather than a warrior and resident of the Basin? A blessed one sent by heaven?!***"

He proclaimed as he rode waving his sword in the air through the city of sin in flames, a great fire pit no different from the land of the endless pleas of companionship, land of self-whipping and endless nightmares manifested from lives lived, bond by the fears that were paper thin in life but now made of unbreakable rock, the flame eternal as long as the celestial and men sin… the realm of fire: **Lasair** *("lah-sire")*.

"***Then be that way! And let your precious wives and fair daughters mourn you, and let your able sons be led into oblivion by vengeance's blade, tied by the strings of your fears!***"

In the crowd scurrying around, a young blonde-haired boy was running through crowds of screaming people, finding his parents. Though he saw was death of others, of mothers holding their children, men protective their families dying to the invaders' spears. Allahab cutting down people and the flames caused by his lightning cause the people in the burning homes to be on fire. The boy saw men burning running to sources of water, and seeing bodies dropping everything… horrible noise, smell, and chaotic visuals that made the boy closed his eyes and just ran and ran. Bumping into a wooden barrel and then hiding under it until it was all over.

Houses fell and smoke covered the intense sun, and soon the darkness that grew from the inferno ruined what was left of the city while it's families that dwelled in it fled for their lives. But with only one entrance and exit, they might as well been chicks stuck in a chicken coup. Many men and terrified women were sliced down by violent bandits and rapists and murderers, while children were either cut down or hid under blacken rumble. Fathers and mothers who believed in fairness and good would fight tooth and nail for the safety of their families, while cowardly men and widows hid like the children. People saw the black stead go past them like a charging devil, and moved past as he ran to the center of the city. And his final echoes and another were heard.

"The weak shall now finally die today, and now and for the ends of time. The strongest and of great ambition by the sole survivors of this day! All hail to the king of the world!"

With a last breath, the other voice faintly heard yelling from the smut and burning shadow, the gasps of spear wounds by easily convinced men.

"Let this statement haunt the halls of time as the lie of lies, all who live have flaws in their armor, at the front or beyond sight at the back. Let the vile that have drenched their dark selfish fantasies in fairy tales be victors? Champions of the world? Oh Donal, please save me from the words of damaged egos."

The voice was silenced, and the world went silent for a mere moment, the fighting stopped and strays of light reached from the natural grey curtains. But it was hopeless, when the fires perished and the smoke dissipate, Allahab rode forth with the head of the king held by his blonde hair tightly in Allahab's grasp.

"Do you believe in his strength, or mine? If he is strong, why is his head and uncombed hair in my hand?!"

After the city was burned... Allahab paraded around the crumbling ruins of Law Vegka, black smoke covering the sunny sky like it was the blackest night. A young peasant boy of blonde hair from the crowd saw him, and did not break eye contact with him parading on horseback... not because he was angry... but he did not know what to feel... he overwhelming sense to be afraid but the lose of the closest ones to him have made him still and opened eyed. The lord of thieves and ruffians seeing the boy, come up to him and jumped off of his great beast-like stead... The boy looked up, and Allahab saw a boy who did not know of the world... but the boy... he saw a demon, face hidden with shadow… with

gleaming eye of orange of red standing over him like a shadow, carrying the bloody head of the man he looked up to and he and most saw as a clean and bloodless guardian of order, in the bloody and muck covered hand of a creature that stole everything... like the fairy tale monster under his bed in the night, he thought a fantasy… now in the form an unreasonable adult grinning like a devil.

The boy looked at the long haired creature wearing his worn silver armor open his crooked mouth from his wicked grin. ***"Why do you keep your graze locked to me, boy? Do you fear me?..."***

"I..." The boy quivered and couldn't finish what he was saying, and to avoid talking… he looked back the severed head of something familiar and once an idol. Allahab analyzed the boy's changed gaze and broke his nearly iron eye contact with him and looked at the head of the old fart and pathetic enemy in his strong hands, turning his wide open gaze back to the lone boy who stood with and had on one anymore.

"You looked up to this withered fleshbag? Even you… have fallen under his guise… have never learned of true strength. Not of words, but of action… not of polices, but of guarantees. You are better without him, boy. You are stronger now… fellow me and that will be your life. Strong and true… mighty with the vanguard of the desert's new order and freedom…"

Allahab after whispering to the boy, now spoke aloud for the large crowd of civilians, defeated soldiers, and his own army to hear.

"A *parasite* that sucked your wealth under your nose has been taken out of your tiny lives, and those precious building blocks now you can build under yourself. All the wealth of the world and it's splendor is no longer kept from you! You will have it all! Under me, there are no elites! No *restrictions*… no need of equality and inequality! No more laws that push you *down*! The strong shall rule as vanguards, and people willing shall gain all the world's spoils! No order that hinders all of you shall survive!! Only the messiah from the desert and his band of followers!"

Half of the crowd and most of the defeated kennedian soldiery that pushed people like Allahab down cheered like dumb bandwagoning ants, and others wiser followed to not be outcasted… but a quarter of the brave, loyal, and morally good were horrified and trembling at trumpet sounds of the apocalypse.

"Have you had anything, did that fool king even feed you, boy?"

"Uh-not yet… he was goin-"

“You see? A parasite! As a promise to you all, a great feast that I invite you all to come! No one here will ever go hungry! AS KING YOU WILL HAVE PLENTY AND BE PROSPEROUS!!!”

Greater and louder cheer came from the starving crowds, though because of the king’s rule.

The dark starry night of the great central desert palace, yellow light spilling from open windows… loud partying and horny singing was heared across bandits and crooks…
The escaped prisoners and former members of the Desert Lion bandits celebrate with Allahab in the king's private chambers filled with bean bags, cushions and blankets of purple and velvets, and the king's many virgins and wives that the commanders and Allahab hog to themselves while the rest party with the king's stash of ale, vodka, and whiskey. They partied nonstop in the king's palace, Lochan dancing like a champangze with his women, some hand feeding blueberries to Alexander a giant laying on his back in bliss, while Allahab with the king's wives sit upon his lap as he drinks a large jug of 2 gallons of vodka in a matter of minutes. They partied nonstop in there nearly the whole moon’s travel across the night’s sky, Lochan dancing like a champagne with his women, some hand feeding blueberries to Alexander a giant laying on his back in bliss, while Allahab with the king's wives sit upon his lap as he drinks a large jug of 2 gallons of vodka in a matter of minutes. Lochan danced alongside his belly dancers, doing a wild back and forth shuffle. He smiled and yelled to Allahab:

"Riches and glory! Glory, women and riches! Only our lord Allahab can achieve this! Let make this cheer be my vow to thee! All hail the king of Law Vegka!... I forever be in service of until my body is only bone and dust!"

"No my friend... Law Vegka was conquered and choked into the void, this kingdom will and forever be the City of *Alla*!"

"Alla? HAHA!"

Alexander chimed in with a giant glass mug of beer in his bear-sized cracked hands:

"Hail to Alla and it's eternal king Allahab! Lord of-of The money!-and God of the City of Riches! I pledge to Alla and king to dying breath, that my soul and arms may forever be tied here!"

"Here here!"

"HERE HERE!!"

The entire room responded in a drunken stupor... Allahab laughed as he hiccupped and body felt numb, grinning and full with blurry joy, his body slipped down his throne and his weary eyes finally closed. He awoke in a large craved chamber, so big and vast it seemed to be made by ancient teaghrian giants. In the distance, in a giant marblerock throne, wind and dust swirled around past Allahab and all over the room. Forming itself on the throne, a giant being made of sand... Allahab knew this could be only one... not a riian god, but his own...

"Lord Pio-Piocadus?" Allahab mumbled and he rubbed his eyes to see if he was saying things.

The wind blew around, and carried and a voice as gravelly and brittle as the sands themselves… whispering around Allahab's ears.

"Thee... verrry... sammee."

"Why did you summon me here? Haha... you seen my accomplishments? In your name?"

"Myy.... name?... MINEeee?!"

The sand filled wind went from calm breeze to an intense storm as Allahab was almost swept off his feet, loud cracking thunder came from Piocadus and the entire chamber and it's 70 foot pillars shook violently. Allahab fell back and astonishment, but knowing he can't feel such things anymore… and so, he got up again.

"Yes your accomplishments, in your-"

The being tilted it's head sightly, and hesitant, Allahab rephrased his words***. "I done it in my name, yes... but I was born from you, the lord of the desert. My blood and might was given by you and to serve you."***

"Youuu thiiink mee a foooool? Youu caalll and allllies call youuu… god. Youu uuunderrrmine meEEeee."

"No no... you know, what if I did? What are you going to do about it? I have godly powers too!" The earth trembled as the being shot up from his seat and the very sand and dirt around Allahab floated up like muck in water.

*"Dooo nooot oooverstep, son of Elko... mooortal warriorrr... Youuu aaare nothing in the faaceee of the STOOORM, VERRRY DEEESERT ITSEELF!"*The room filled with sand and Allahab powered up a lightblot with blue and red electricity in his hand and threw it at Lord Piocadus. Which destroyed the elemental and it's body made of sand returned to the ground.

Piocadus when killed, Allahab which might as well be Feargatch now screams to the ceiling of the caverns and beyond: ***"What weakness!? Nadur can you hear me!!? What weakness!? How can *I* possiblely have a weakness! I dethrone the lord of the *desert*!!!!"***

Allahab suddenly awakes and is one his stone throne, hundreds of bodies of sleeping men and women about him, and the two of his bellydancers once the highest of the king's court, layed their heads in slumber on his great muscular trained arms. He looked around at this great court, and the warning given by Piocadus slowly dissipated from his mind, a the grin of the demon returned upon his face.

The next day, during a great meeting… Allahab sat on his new throne of stone on a great stairway that put him above everyone in the throne room. One of the soldiers, once a personal guard and assistant of the king: Malo The True, listed all the things the new king should be concerned with. Which were mainly political and dealing with border problems that existed before long before even the old king's rule, but more importantly if Allahab planned to take over the whole desert… there were more significant threats that would prevent him from having total control of Neveda.

"You are not the only supernatural power in the Basin, my liege. There is the unnatural boxing champion of Carson City... and Vintis The Black and his ancient kind of black furred beasts in Elko, with the strength to rip a man's arm clean out of his joint. And... worse of all... The Wandering Wizard has been rumored to have returned to Neveda in over a hundred years."

"The Wandering Wizard?" Allahab responded in confusion.

"Oh sorry lord, you wouldn't know since you and most here are natives of Nevada, but in the eastern nations he is well known. A terror unlike any other, he appears like an humble weary traveler with a crouched back and hood over his head. Though when he enters any village, he leaves it destroyed in a infernal flame with no survivors. He is known to be the very avatar of the Riian god of death: Bas De, The Bringer of Storms, The Stir of Chaos. Blue crystal eyes and dark skin. Can look young and old... a shapeshifter... His mortal name has been rumored to be: Adam Seech ("ah-dim sea-ch") ***or Anem Siceach (***""ah-num see-each"). ***."***

"I've heard of this, Adam Seech…"

But as they talk, two watchmen from Allahab's prisoner army show up saying: "***A homeless woman was asking for their lord's presence and wanted to see you, we tried to stop her but she bit one of us and we took her here to ask if my lord knows what to do with-"***

"My son!!"

The thin elderly woman with a back crooked. covered in rags and worn colorful clothing and hood. Even though the wide round giant hall, and she was nearly skin and bones; but still bolted across the room and rushed up the stairs, tripping and getting balance as she made it to the throne of the mighty lord who in the woman's eyes, was her beautiful bab. Lochan who sat on his butt next to the throne, eating a raw piece of bull leg, watching while he ate with his left eye and the slightly closed… he sat by like a loyal hound, grunting seeing the beggar and quickly putting his hand on the hilt of his dagger on his hip. Allahab expressionless as he saw her, only a sense of confusion hidden by his nearly stoic face.

"Oh great Donal… oh my lord Piocadus-"

She softly rubbed her hand across the dirty and foul face of the *King of Thieves and Crooks*, *Messiah of Riches and Power* and he lifted his pointed chin. Staring deep into his complicated eyes with his wrinkled motherly face and pale gentle eyes. And she knew, it was her son…

"Ohh! My baby boy… oh how I worried this day would never come! But you are a king! You are a celebrity! I'm so glad! We can live in peace again, together! Come bring good news to Elko, to our people! Your aunt and uncles, you're father will be so happy to see you my-"

"I'm not your son… you got the wrong man, peasant beggar."

She stepped back for a second, completely shocked by what he said. She withered eyes and brow nearly twisted angry… but she closed her eyes and breathed in… and out. Then looked to her son, with apology and regret.

"Stop that… why don't you ever listen, why don't you… (*sigh*)… I'm- I'm sorry I didn't come back to you for all those years… I wanted to be with my aunt and… the storm was very bad, how could I possibly…"

She stops talking and then breathes in again, getting closer to Allahab and putting her hand on his shoulder and hugging him.

"I'm so sorry I abandoned you…"

She hugged as tightly as possible, but Allahab didn't hug back… instead, he pushed her off roughly, nearly causing her to trip down the stairway.

"Do you know who I am, woman? How dare you touch me without permission?"

"Now, don't you act like that to me. I know your eyes and face, mister. You are my son… and I wouldn't be tricked by metal breast plates, and flimsy crown of gold… that cannot and will

not hide my own precious son away from my sight. Let's talk with each other, let's go home, back to Elko… where the grass is green, the fruit is ripe off the branch… where song and dance is small and joyful against the bountiful sun and land. Where the tiny stream roams, you remember?... you played by it and danced in it like the troubles of tomorrow never existed… Please…"

Allahab stood straight up, with eyes of fury in his eyes, Lochan pulling out his dagger.

"I do *not* know you, *woman*!"

"You cannot forget who I am! I am your-"

A loud *SLAP* could be heard, ringing across the entire room. The lady head turning away, hitting the stairway with a slam, and gradually falling down each step, more wounds added each step. Then starting to just roll which made her go to the bottom step faster, until hitting the cold isolating ground. No one came to help her up, the crowd just looked in shock… the guards either from the Sand Tigers or the original guard just looked each other, unsure of their moral placing in the world anymore. But one of them though, a guard of an ugly and slightly freakish complexion, blonde hair… he charged through the crowd and rushed to the collapsed mother. Using his free arm, which his other is broken through a terrible working accident, putting the mother's arm over his shoulder and helping her up. The man looked to Allahab high above him, and stared down the false god with piercing eyes… and Allahab looked back with eyes empty and soulless… like he wasn't even a man anymore, now just a expression of an old evil that challenges humanity everyday, who it's victories against it make them stronger in spirit and health.

Allahab then grinned, seeing the horrid scene yet another fool that wants to guide his fate and his court of warriors.

"You are not my mother, for I have no mother…"

Allahab looked around the room, and raised his arms in the air, looking with a expression of sternness and authority… that all who saw know to bow and serve.

"I was born of the Christian God… born from the womb of Dulra ("duel-rah") herself, the one who willed life into existence from chaos and nothingness. I am divine, and I shall lead you all to the kingdom where I shall rule, and you will be safe, and secure. And have all that you will ever need, under MY careful and… *generous* eye… you won't have to ever worry again!"

Some of the most wild and loyal of Allahab's men cheered to this and laughed like hyenas of the old days… a court of clowns and halfwits, cheering the world's ending. But most of the hundreds of nobility, serfs, and warriors present just stayed silent. Lochan got up from the side of Allahab's throne and ran down the stairs with his knife before the two left, to kill the

woman he dared challenged his god and savior. Him in his drunken rage, missing her barely, and the blonde hair man with his good arm with a fury fiercest than the gods smite him and left him with a bloody nose on the cold floor.

The weary though more stronger blonde-haired man helped the sonless mother up, and helped her walk outside of that cold room with that wretched being and his hounds resided. Forever now alone, no birth place, no home… such as is the fate of the changeless.

Many hours later… the same man who helped the mother, came storming into Allahab's large chamber, walking straight up the great stairs to him. Allahab smiling, seemingly enjoying his struggle. The man now closely, seemed to be shorter than the tall Allahab, standing around 3 feet lower… but that did not matter to the man, a slow passionate flame behind his eyes.

"Who are you, *peck*?" the desert king nearly spiting at the man as he spoke the final word out.

"Sir… i'm one of the guards: Ana-Amin."

"What are you doing here? Should you be standing guard on the palace's walls? What if an intruder gets in?"

"There is plenty of men for that and-"

"Then what I'm I paying you for? You fool, get back on the outer walls!"

"Please my lord… just let me finish. What you… what you did today is what I'm concerned about."

Allahab stands up and walks up to Ana-Amin until he is chest to chest with him. His chin and harden face looking down on the "lesser" man. His chest bare and vast to the smaller frame of Ana-Amin. But Ana did not care, he looked up to the brown long-haired giant standing above him with no fear or hesitation, rubbing his nose and leaning his head closer.

"The way you treated that woman earlier, was outrageous."

Allahab chackled slightly at those words ***"You doubt my words, you *measly* pissant."***

Allahab's pointed face becoming a scowl, but Ana-Amin under the frame his consuming frame is not phased.

"I don't, I know what you said. Even if that wasn't your mother, no woman who did *nothing* wrong to *YOU*-" Ana pointing at Allahab.

"-should be thrown off and nearly have their death happened on these bloodless and unstained stairs… which have now been stained and will never mean what they were made for ever again. Now everyone who walks up these will see it as their tomb and fear you."

"You fear me! Ana-Amin!" Allahab's fists twisted and tightening, his right wrist with his prized red god jewel crackled with lightning. Ana knew, but he won't turn back.

"I do… somewhere deep in my soul… I do. I know you can kill me, slay me right here and now. But what kind of life would I have lived to see an innocent loving parent be slaughtered by a misguided son. And I won't let my lord follow such a path, if I can help it. So… I plead to you."

Ana-Amin gets on his knees and puts his hands together, putting it on his forehead.

"Please, do not ever fall that low again. Be a mighty and good king, better than the old and the others… that is why I joined in the first place. To serve a strong and capable leader… but also he needs to be a good man. If you continue this… I can't serve under a loveless king…"

Ana-Amin sees Allahab, who stood there completely silent. Ana-Amin could sense it, he got up and looked at Allahab directly into his eyes… his eyes no longer seemed… human. They were possessed, lost somewhere Ana-Amin knows he can't understand, so he doesn't. Allahab suddenly grins from one side of his lip.

"Admirable… but a man who believes in love and tradition…"

Allahab leaning in and whispered in Ana-Amin's ear.

"Doesn't beyond here."

Allahab stepped back and stood straight… then a arrow shot across the room and impelled itself into Ana-Amin's back. Lochan who was hiding away, knowing his lord's mind, left the hiding place and used his great and powerful warbow to impel the arrow head through Ana's heart. Then, in a nearly impossible to see move, Allahab's arm outreached and his bucky hand grabbed Ana by the neck, then raising him into the air, to the sky. The very heavens watching, Allahab choking that's breath of Ana away. But unlike anyone else Allahab faced, Ana did not move… did not resist… he kept his eyes straight on his, completely stoic and unmoveable. Allahab face become more distorted with a fierce flame and cracked with frustration. Not being able to take it, he threw him down and pulled his shortblade out. Pouring the power of both his great jewels of power and strength, a swirl of

blue and red energy jumping from the jewels and into the top tip of the sword, then traveling down creating a mystic demonic aura. Ana knowing his accession, saying a final quiet prayer that only he and the Gods knew… and Allahab striked his face with the power of dark foreign gods; and Ana-Amin the truth speaker was no more.

"Haha… HAHA!"

Allahab laughed wildly throwing his arms into the air and bending his back and head to the ceiling… yelling to the heavens.

"You think anything will turn me from my divine path! You stupid little gods are nothing to me! You rule far away in your peaceful heavenly abode, while I dominate the world you call yours! I'm the king of humanity, not you!"

The fate avoidable has become inevitable… Feargatch.

"Who said that?! Who the hell said THAT!"

Allahab manically turned behind him and slashes the figure… but he disappeared in vipeor. Allahab sudden confusion and completely not paying any mind to his balance because of his wrathful fear, caused him to trip and slip down… hitting his back against the very stairwell Allahab's mother fell down. In his desperation he cried out for the ghost, The Donal, Nadur… whatever it was to come back… but it did not. And Allahab laid there completely alone in his endlessly wealthy and beautifully decorated room filled with his glory… nothing of it gave him happiness and relieved him from the pain of weakness, the promise some fools give… it did nothing. And all he could do, was sob for himself. Lochan walking to his lord broken on the ground, and now not knowing who to look too anymore.

The Sand Tigers begin their campaign to take over all of Neveda, and make it into The City State of Alla…. raiding many villages and towns, facing Carson's fighter and loses and cheats by having ten archers fire at Big Carson while he is distracted by the jewels Allahab accidently left behind.

Later on faces Brandon the Autistic, drops his act of partnership and attacks Brandon… Brandon uses words to defuse the situation, and points out all the flaws of Allahab's approach… making Allahab look foolish among his men. To save face, he rushes off in a quiet rage, riding his great black stead with white furred hooves: Stable, back to nearbu camp. Brandon goes against his plans and so with his soldiers telling him such a man can't live after defying him, Allahab decides to do a secret raid and burn Brandon's house down while they are sleeping. Brandon manages to save his family at the cost of his life, a true

hero. Allahab sees this and calls Brandon weak, but in reality, Allahab wouldn't risk his life for anyone, so he is truly mentally the weaker one.

Weeks later, as Allahab and his men are traveling around the border of San Joses, either gathering or scaring them to give food and water to the Sand Tigers… a wealthy band of tradesman walked by with a chest of gold. Allahab knew then he wanted to take it, and he called for battle, but the horses did not move… in fact, the horses they rode upon fling their riders off of them (including even Allahab's great stead) and ran away without them. The travelers were confused, until the leader, a man covering his mouth with a golden plate depicting scenes of battles of a dead culture, and a blue garment covering his scalp and the majority of his old body. He was dark skinned in appearance, but his eyes… they were unnaturally pale blue, glowing… with no whites, just lighter blue pupils.

"Who are you people, and what do you seek something?"

Allahab brushed the dirt off and straighten his back and lifted his chin up slightly as he approached the mysterious dark-skinned man.

"What I "seek", sir… is that treasure of yours. Give it too me, by the command of your new king!"

The man laughed, and Allahab growled.

"What's so funny, old fart?"

"You, child. Allahab of Elko, son of the mother Maria and father Jaco… an unlikely couple, but a likely life *you* have lived."

"The hell you talking about?... wait…"

Allahab thought about it and asked the question…

"Are you Adam Seech?"

"Hmm… an *obvious answer you want me to give you? Your mind knows it already. But the name, what fool told you that was my name?"*

"My advisor… but also you go by Anem Siceach, The Wandering Psych…"

"That is the right name, boy."

"Do you not recognize your king?"

*"I'm a landless traveler, a man with no home, no permanent residence. I do not have a king. I've once was raised in the mountains of Montona, and then I traveled... been in the cold of Alaska, and the green hills of the Ozarks, the great span of the oceans... and now I'm here. To *see* you."*

"You still haven't told me why you have interest in me. You can't possibly know everything about me, you live your life and I live mine, but no man on Earth even with foresight can see every shadow and every fly that pass by during the journey of life."

"You underestimate me, just like you have underestimated many of your opponents. You got likely in Law Vegka, most of those soldiers were inexperienced."

"Now that's a load of nonsense! How can you possibly know that? You just entered the border of Neveda. And my soldiers would of known you were there with those eyes of yours."

"News goes wide... and your mind is about is closed off and safe to me as a mouse in a glass jar hiding from a hungry cat."

"I'm done with games-" Allahab pulled up out his shortsword and prepared to attack, and Anem Siceach simply lifted a hand and Allahab's was paralyzed, feeling an invisible hand tightening his throat and making him choke. He fell to his knees in front of Anem Siceach, standing high on his horse and his steel ring that circled his forehead. For the first time in a long while, Allahab felt close to death and felt lesser than another.

*"Silence...let me speak to you plainly, great divine Allahab. As Anem Siceach The Everlasting Psych, The Wandering Sage shall tell you. I wanted to work alone with my advisors and my puppeteer servants with my plans... but you, you have ruined my reconstruction of the West here. But you have caused something else. Something far more valuable... you wield a jewel with fantastical *power*. Something in days past I could only dream of... I know of your mind and know I cannot wield it myself. So... let's make a deal, King of Alla. I can give you soldiers, weapons, technology hundreds of years beyond our time. I will ensure that you can wipe out the plague of the Kennedians and Bearfeatians and secure yourself as the divine messiah emperor of the West..."*

Anem Siceach stared long at Allahab like a commanding father, and then let go his grasp on Allahab's neck, and allowed him to recover a bit before speaking again.

"However, you must secure me a high position of power. Make me your advisor, make me your second… and I can help you guide your nation to glory, just like I have done many times before."

"Then why are you here? And not in an ivory tower?"

"Those played by fools' games, I want someone strong… someone that can shake the world scale, perhaps become the ruler of all America. The Ruler of the World."

The beautiful woven, and charming words, though drops of poison leaking in and then out of his speeches. Allahab became infatuated with this man's wise friendly guise, even though he nearly choked him a few seconds ago; however Allahab still had his plans, which could never be turned away by a cunning fox's stunts.

"Maybe… so you will come with us to my palace?"

"No… I bide my time. I shall come in secret and in the night so none of my people or the Kennedians see me."

"I can't-"

"You can and you shall for the sake of your legacy, of your ego, and of my time-"

"-What-what are you? This is completely absurd."

"I've existed long before this body I've used, I've seen civilizations fall and raise."

Anem Siceach looks away and makes a noise that sounds like a sigh… but to everyone besides Allahab, seemed over-exaggerated as he put the back of his hand on his forehead leaning over in "grief".

*"Ohh I wish to not let such a thing happen to your kingdom. Your rule haaasss so much *potential*… and you can finally unify our *little* petty world."*

The mighty Allahab pauses for a second, and rubs his chin, looking to the ground. To the moving sands and dust, and to his side where the ever-beautiful sunset takes place… the praised ball of fire setting in the darkness of the unknown under the horizon. Allahab looks back to the Anem Siceach above him on horseback. The two stand opposed in the empty land, almost like they were the only ones that existed. Allahab staring, leaning his head slighty with a bright white smile on his face like he was reading a book with a funny detail.

His eyes widen at every thought Allahab utter in his head, and for the first time… Allahab looked to his powerful hands, and he saw them quivering. Allahab did not even realize it nor felt it for so long, looking up… the shadows overtaking the light of the disappearing sun, giant plateaus and great acres taken by a unstoppable force. Allahab knew, this man couldn't be refused, and somehow, it seemed old man of blue eyes had gotten his answer before Allahab uttered a word.

"Me and my men would like such a personality, like yourself. Fine, I'll let you in Alla… and we'll discuss further terms."

Anem Siceach chuckled crudely and with some harshness in his voice.

"I can see we will be the best of partners, Feargatch."

Brain The Negotiator of Jackpot Vs the Wrath of King Allahab

(Brain was happy with his family, with his wife and two children, and his parents living with him. He was content, not happy, but content. And Allahab may have happiness many times through good and bad ways, but that isn't exactly permanent.

Brain was a smooth faced man, who seemed to look like a boy. A thin pale white body, with hidden muscle... big pale cheeks, thick fluffy black eyebrows and eyes with a seeming black outline around them (like Allahab's), and a shaved soldier head with black hair.

Allahab wanted Jackpot as a place for his soldiers to rest, a garrison town only of soldiers. So he told the inhabitants of Jackpot to leave in the next full moon, and if they didn't, they would be serfs of the Alla military. Allahab and his best garrison went to his home, because Brandon refused to live his ancestry farming home, even though the rest of the villagers left Jackpot, and weren't exactly good people.

Allahab screamed in Brain's face, but he stayed completely still and plain. Even when the strongest man in Neveda, a man who destroyed castle walls with godly power... not even a storm or tornado would not make this smug mere financial villager even flinch. Allahab may

have a strong body, but he has a weak mind, a mind of a teaghranian. While Brandon's body is weak, his mind and will is diamond, stronger than any blade or mystic power Allahab could possibly conjure. A power Allahab would never know, contentment.

Allahab stared back at his plain face, with a tilted head upward for a intense sinister glare. Allahab's soldiers around him were beyond shocked, someone rejecting the frighting power of a single man who they themselves did not want to stand the way of. They believed in the power of Allahab, just as they believed in the power of the king of Law Vegka, for dogs want a worthy master to serve, and they seldom think of a life without men of power that dominate them. That's what made Brain yet another who cannot be scared… for he lived as a vessel for his family to sail in, not as a tool to be used to kill any pests some royalty, wealthy merchants, or Allahab and the Griffon Legion wants gone.

Now there was the problem of Vintis The Black, one of the Black Clumhach ("clover-hatch"), rumored descendant of the great betrayer of the heavens and who formed the Black Clumhach that went against the heavens in the holy book of The Leabhar (ya-ow-were): "Vintis/Alpha The Traitor". They are a dark furred variant of the Clumhach species, humanoid ape-like wolves humanoids created by an unknown force long ago (though thought by to be the first creations of Dulra before Teaghran created humanity)… they were always outcasted by humanity, and forced to humanity to either acknowledge them or hide in the outskirts. But once the ancient Black Clumhach had human travelers come and stay in their lands… war was inevitable.

They took control of Elko soon after Allahab left, and a decade later… he came back to free his people from Vintis. Also trained by the Kennedian army: The Griffon Legion, the police guild of the Americas… Vintis became a notable military leader and was one of the most successful generals in the region before Allahab, and the most significant chieftain of the Clumhach. He was infamous far outside of Neveda, being the one who managed to successful raid a Kennedian outpost in the San Joses northern territory and win with 250 against 7000. But Vintis was honorable, and a great leader, and would not go down easily.

Vintis made multiple fortifications and dug out tunnels and escapes in the Elko Softbail Hills, perfectly aiming two of his main forts above where Allahab and his army would travel, using the tunnels for an ambush. Though because of Anem Siceach, Allahab already knew this… and before Vintis and his powerful unhuman warriors under him could attack, they were shot at as soon as they left the tunnels. Some died, but many were able to get back inside. But that didn't matter to Allahab, because the black furred Clumhach, sons of Alpha, were a long dying people even before the slave city of Raleigh became Kennedia and Saint Malo

died. There were only a few hundred of them, compared to Allahab's 50,000 barbarian, street criminal, mercenary and actual professional soldiers. Allahab on his great stead Stable rushed through and tried to find Vintis, the only one motivating the sad and desperate Clumhach people, with Lochan following to his side, cutting down any who would impede them.

The army got lost in the battle fighting the Clumhach, who were less, defeated 20 men with their own fists… tearing them off their horses and ripping them apart. Some shooting volleys of arrows from crossbows from the tops of the tall yellow dead grass hills, killing far more of Allahab's men then the Clumhach themselves.

Lochan and Allahab charged and fought off two of those foes, who Lochan defeated one using his rope to choke it and then charging in a splitting it's skull open with his short axe. While Allahab just used his overwhelming strength to slice the thick flesh of the Clumhach off, making it's head fly like a baseball in the air. Hitting the shield of the organizer of this whole battle.

Vintis with a new modded weapon of the Clumhach, a one-hand black powder pistol with a long extended barrel. Shooting it multiple times, blocking Lochan's arrows with his red painted rounded steel kite shield. Vintis finally was able to shot down Allahab's horse and it fell the ground with Allahab. Allahab went to check it, but he was too late, it had died with a bullet hitting it in the brain. Allahab fell into a rage, as he looked to Vintis's beastly face, and he charged forward, Vintis pulled his shield over his head and his body and crouched (putting his right knee against the bottom of the shield, and had his left foot completely parallel to the ground, maintaining his balance). Allahab's charged red energy that followed from the veins of his wrist and hand and into the sword as some stray bolts hit the sky and ground, burning it… Allahab filled his arm muscles and legs muscles with the blue power of the Jewel of Strength, he banged the edge of his sword against Vintis's shield and a bell-like sound echoed across the entire hilly area and beyond. A blast of red and blue energy sent the two hurtling into two adjacent tall hills, just like Liec and Piocadus in the beginnings of Riian Nevadan history.

The two charged, hitting blade to blade, the most physically strongest creatures in the mortal world facing each other. Banging heads, punching, kicking… dodging, countering… they were equals. But eventually Allahab cut Vintis's arm that held his shield, and Vintis could only block Allahab's more fierce and wrathful strikes… in the end, Vintis managed to get one scar across Allahab's chest to his stomach and another that spans his entire face, that nearly cut his other eye. After he defeated him, one of the most grueling fights he ever experienced (though none could truly stand against the expression of wrath) the true mortal short blade duelist near death said:

"You were nearly an equal… haha… it's sad The Donal or your god gave me a God Jewel… haha (*cough*)… but I know, I was better… at least… though, please… do not blame my people, we cannot fight each other anymore. The desert is too harsh and too little of water… we need each other. Our great physical strength and ingenuity and your peoples hunting and gathering and new technology… we will stand against the whole world… that's my final and only request…. Please… keep my people… living on."

After that, Allahab quickly ordered the execution of the soldiery under Vintis and then the very village… though each of the Clumhach were far stronger than a single man. It took three grown men to slay a clumhach child, and seven men to kill a female clumhach… the males far more. It was inevitable even with Allahab's mighty force across the entire desert and the lands nearby, their were few that escaped… one Vinta The Persistent would haunt the kingdom and city of Alla for decades after.

Then later one of his soldiers reports Allahab's father is dying, and Allahab goes to see him and his father rejoices and apologizes for the mistreatment he gave to Allahab and wished he was a better father. Talking about this friendship with Vintis that his father hid from Allahab since it went against the village rules, and wanted Allahab to tell Vintis his dying words: "***Thank you for protecting the village for so long, as the last village chief I want you, Vintis, to lead my people directly. You are a better leader than any of the past chieftains of Elko or most of my kind. Please... forgive me and my people's sins, and learn to love us how I respect you as my dearest friend. And protect my son and help him lead his way through the darkness on the trail of life.***" And soon after that, his father: Jaco, died from heart disease and was soon buried near his and Allahab's childhood home. The horror... even Allahab for how cold he is, for the first time in over a decade, felt regret and guilt for his reckless actions.

Weeks later… all of Neveda was Allahab. No corner unturned, no stone unconsidered… all of the towns, small and big… know of him and have joined his great kingdom. An empire he didn't consider when people asked, for an empire dies eventually… his kingdom and he himself would be eternal, just like the jewel of power's spirit told him. Now the only things left were the kingdom of Bearfeatia that fought long and hard already against on their western edge in the Utahian and Wyoming provinces. Though The Sand Tigers now called "The Great Basin Riders", using the same tactics as the Bearfeatian horseriders which nearly crippled their infamously mighty military, which survived ages and ages of riian nations and Kennedia attacking them for their persistence on following the long outdated Christian religion, and still glorifying the evil figure: Juna "The Goatman" Kelab, and using the name "Juna" as princeling names still. The huge pacific coastal nation of San Jose being raided multiple times, even the thriving Austian Empire (The Bottom Curve, The Bottom Nation) was attacked when Allahab nearly took their third most populous city of Amarillo, before

the currently most war hungry nation chased Allahab out with 300,000 troops with their new invention of the powder gun, against his 6,000 horseriders.

Allahab now considers other option, sitting around his great round table in his tent with his most loyal fellows (Lochan, Sebastian) and some new followers: Rufus The Elder, Skul Beowolf The Mad Bearman, and Finbar Dale The Cunning Austian… and now Anem Siceach, sitting right next to him, and giving a written document to Allahab's original lead advisor, who explains the plan as a fire burn from the middle of a ceder log.

"Ok… knowing Bearfeatia won't get a lot of support, that is our goal, then with the great amount of land and resources they can stabilize and eventually gain enough troops to challenge The Kingdom of San Jose, which they will likely win with such inexperienced land soldiers on the western coastal kingdom's side. We over their capital of San Jose and their second city of San Francis, their greatly developed sea fairing navy will become Alla's. Then once that is done, Austia would be the only problem, and Kennedia would have to completely back out of the war, since they already lost too many men who were stationed in our land. This was of course the long standing anti-tech Griffin Legion's attempt to set up a headquarters there in order to control politics and police the western nations. And well… of course try to destroy more Dark Age artifacts… but… an-anyway! Kennedia knows they will definitely lose more with a fight against a nation that is too far away and has too many advantages. So it's very likely if they know our plans, which from our actions doesn't seem like it, they will try with all there power to destroy our little nation of Alla now before it becomes too big for them to handle."

Allahab leaned in his wood chair and clapped: ***"Hahaha! Great, great job Malo! You nearly as wise as Saint Malo himself!"***

Everyone went silent when Allahab said this, realizing he just offended everyone in the room with blasphemy, he just got up mumbling to himself and walked outside. He walks into the midnight air, looking into the bright night sky, filled with white stars and the big grey moon above the orange canyons and flat rocky land, now blacken and shade. Suddenly Anem Siceach left his tent and made his way toward his horse and got on.

"Wait! Where you going?!"

"Somewhere… I have business up north. I'll return in a month. But before I leave…"

Anem Siceach reached into the deep pockets of his royal robe, and pulled out something that immediately caused the jewels on Allahab's armor to glow, he could even feel the

presence of something powerful. He pulled out a Jewel of topaz yellow, and showed it to Allahab, but did not give it too him yet.

"This is the jewel you been speaking for a long while. Ever sense you left that accursed caverns-"

"Do not pry open my mind without my permission, Anem."

"Haha... who do you think is in control? Huh?... "

Anem pauses, then rubbing his chin.

"We both have our own shared position, we are equals. Heh... but this jewel is not like the other ones you had."

Anem looking at the yellow jewel, his eyes pondering it and his hand moving around as he looks at all its sides.

"It's one of the mind..."

Anem staring at it for a bit, then leaning down from his horse to give it to Warlord Allahab. Him taking it and examining it's beauty… it felt different, a power he could not summon yet like the one of strong earthquakes or the one of red powerful lightning.

"This feels different... the variables to summon it..."

"I do not know much about the jewels themselves, for they almost never appeared and were used in these lands before for thousands of years. But what I do know from how one of my... "volunteers"... used it, she was able to dilute and cancel the minds around her with her own. All the spirit casted out as she took their bodies in their steads, a great hive where you rule as monarch. Even I could not match its control over will, it is a powerful asset to use. Use it wisely and know who to use it against... for the time you have to rule."

Kennedia did fear The Kingdom of Alla, ran by a villain using ungodly powers… using what they know now is the forbidden red God Jewel, that they thought they locked away… but mysteriously disappeared… a hole made through the coffin and the room's ceiling. Now it's in the hands of their enemy, a foe so violent that the high-class Arch Maors with their superiors: The Bainisteoirs ('bon-ish-star'), and The Eisteoir ("ay-ch-door")/Holy King Joseph of The City of Kennedia (City of Hanging Gardens and White Towers, the religious capital of

all Riism), thought him an evil teaghranian disguised as a man. So, with the best that Kennedia has to offer… the greatest riian host known in history was sent, with glimmering armor that shined both in under sun and moon… and cloaks and robes of white silk and cloth, decorative with all the symbols and virtues of all Catholic Riiandom.

The holy knights rode forth in armor of blue and silver, opposing the dirty and worn nature of the land and the usually rough green and yellow of the Griffin knights that rode with them. They rode fast on their finest breeds of horses, like icons of civilization and progress, riding to end the very image of their opposition.

After the Sand Tigers' conquest over the last lands linking the desert with the western side of Bearfeatia (The Three Connecting States), and the eastern side of San Joses (Californian Province). Allahab's has one of his most famous camp feasts, where everyone got drunk, did unspeakables, and Allahab on that night had his 1001 lady he laid with and his proclaimed his wife, 30th wife over the span of six years.

The Riian knights with circular helms with thin slits over their faces, hawk and eagle feathers fluttering high on their heads, tore Allahab from his tent while he laid asleep naked with new village slut and his precious supernatural weapons he always kept near him… away from any who dare to take them. The horse riders dragged him by his knees into a small caverns a couple of hundred feet away, when seeing he was waking up from his infamous deep sleep after "procreation". Allahab tried to fight them off with his short machete sword and his powers, but the knights corned him in the center… surrounding him with wall of spears fully around him. Every time Allahab reached to summon his power, or use his blade, he was stabbed… then stabbed again… and over and over and over again until he was walking piece of dirty and bloodied of olive paper that was punched-holed.

After hours on end, he barely even looked human… and finally his unnaturally strong body, gave in to the cold darkness.…

He awoke in a land of fog, where in the distance… stood alone dark green hooded figure… a figure with a great spear.

"Nadur…"

I would say welcome… but that is a right given, your hate, your envy, and your lust… and more over… your loneliness broke you… and now you have become a beast… so I cannot greet a beast, the person must reveal themselves first.

"A beast? A beast?! Ha! I-"

Don't waste your words with me, young drop-

"I'm not young! I'm 45!"

50, 70, 80?... 100s?... you really will debate I on age?… I've lived since the first fish walked on land, and the first human bab hit flint against rock to create sparks. I've seen and heard nearly all since man's beginning, and I shall be there to guide them to the end. I see and hear all in my land and among my and The Donal subjects. We know you… a man who fooled himself because of power he was given. I've warned you, and yet you dear not listen… your heart has turned to rage, rage at everything and everyone. But you disguise it, sharpen it and put a fancy sheath with golden flowers to entertain the eye. But the blade is stained with blood, the blood of ones who have not wronged you… not even through petty generational schisms.

*"If you think it was all for me? You are wrong… I raised my town of Elko and saved it from its oppressors… brought back into my people's hands. *I* saved the city of Law Vegka from its endless hookers, scammers, sinners… and brought it into a utopia"*

A dictatorship theocracy… perhaps positives and negatives, like all governances… but not that a mortal material utopia… a fool's over-planned fantasy.

"You are wrong though, because I did make it a utopia! And made them worship and work for something higher than themselves… unite all the different peoples in Alla, and then the whole Great Basin… and then the whole world!"

Unite? Or control? I've heard such proclamations long before you, by men and women who seek to bring humanity to a new age… but then stating they would do it in their lifetime. And so, they hit the inevitable wall that is free will… and they, good and bad, did the same thing… and they all fell. There is only one utopia that you know and is free from the selfish nature of survival.

"So you want humanity to do nothing? To not want to fix anything around them?!"

Words like that show you suffered little at birth, if you ever came to such a conclusion. The answer is obvious when you live with people all the time. Live and learn… live and be kind, give chances until the person refuses to the point of self-death, do not give up mercy, or have the thought of guilt stain your mind forever. It's the golden rule of The Donal and I, that which we set ourselves and ones morally straight with the ever-present truths will tell you as well. But you can do small things and do large things to make people have ease to be how they are, not replace it.

"You talk too much."

Heh… intriguing response, son of Adam. I'm used to speaking above people's heads… that's the Donal's job to speak without words but more personally. I'm his vanguard, and I do not tolerate as much as him. But mankind I love, and to you kill senselessly because you cannot imagine why you have such potential? You cannot imagine why you were given power other than it makes you better.

"Why then, eh? I'm better, my strength proves it… my victories prove it!"

There's no such thing as "better", son of failed teachers… there are those who are punished for breaking the moral rules, but it does not mean worse… it means they failed, but not worse in ability and intelligence. Those do not matter outside of your mortal policing and rule casting… a leaper and a cross-eyed drawf could be given a hammer and with dedication become the great craftsman. Does a murder and rape denounce that? Do not mix empathy and the sanctity of life with skills written on paper. There is no *better*, there is gain a skill to help your loved ones, raising to the great tree haven to love and live forever or proclaim yourself a master carpenter that serves himself and not have any love for your creator, and then be thrown in the fiery pits of Lasair, where all souls began in torment, without love… which the most loveless beings are the endless void and death Bas De and his prophet, the greatest self-server: Teaghran Maister, The Lord of Misery as masters of your afterlife…

"Why, *why*?! Keep proclaiming the words of old coopers, stuck in their little shops in the woods. The world's is bigger than you know…"

The cloaked man merely thought about Allahab's words, and went quiet for a very, very long time… finally breaking the very little patience the mighty divine warlord had:

"Just WHY! Tell me you ghost that refuses to leave my mind!"

The Spearman walked forward, his empty hood where a face should getting right in front of Allahab in a burst of wind, which felt even lighter than Piocadus… and yet it felt more powerful, like it was far more contained; and there was far more power behind the faceless man.

Because you had so much potential…

The foggy realm that they were in transformed into a scene of a younger Allahab walked through the streets of his old home.

You could have been a chieftain for your people… served for higher goods, helping the children grow and be inspired to be like you… to learn skills and knowledge that you only know, and trust me… no matter how evil an heart or naive… it always feels good to have something of you in another.

Was shocked by these words and approached Nadur aggressively.

“But I did! I freed the slaves from the Griffon Legion! I saved Lochan! He was a boy he did nothin-

STOP… don’t lie to yourself and not to me. You know you freed murderers, rapists, and pillagers… I do not hate them and mourn what they became, but they did terribles things and they did worse under your charge. You left wild crazed men and slutty women in positions of great power, which brought nothing but havoc on every good farm hand boy, old wise teacher, and working maiden across “your” great new kingdom. But you hated that, you hated responsibility, the hardships but also the great small rewards it brings. And so you threw it… or… maybe…

The happy joyful scene started to change, into one of violence… a village now in ashen ruins, where many bodies piled into a hill, both the people of Elko, the other cities north and south of The Deadlands, kennedian knights who trained Allahab, and his own men dead and rotting under the orange moon. And standing on top was Allahab himself, bloodied and mad… grinning and laughing as the world ended around him.

Maybe you couldn’t… maybe you never could. You were destined to be a herald of destruction for all who sheltered you. Another fallen child who threw his balancing scale over the cliff, and rushed his way up the mountain of life, facing death… facing the final and most terrifying enemy: Bas De, far sooner than he should. It’s something I never wanted for you or your family… for all the people of Neveda… I love all you as my children and The Donal’s. It’s horrible I can’t get you understand, but that is the burden, to control you and stripe you of freewill would be more evil than every genocide you ever committed. So, would it be if you did, Allahab… to carry the responsibility of messiah… you named yourself, but you never thought about your people… and so you do not actually know the title, and it’s wonders and rewards… now, what you really are has been craved into the stone… undoable… by you… You have sealed your fate is sealed… you’ve… sealed… your fate…

Then, slowly… the great Spearman Nadur disappeared along with the foggy realm… and Allahab awoke again now staring at the sky, moving forward more quickly, and his body bouncing… a feeling of pain surged through his body as he looked to the side and found out what has happened to him. His hands were hammered with steel nails into wooden arms, his feet tied together by rope as his back laid against the rectangular oak wood plank. Clanking and hooves he heard under him as he heard priests mummering ancient chants and pleads to Ri as they rode up a road up a mountainous cliffside. The journey felt long, and Allahab nearly finally regretted ever coming there… his own golden crown covered with exotic colorful jewels sitting heavy on his forehead and digging into it and his scalp.

They took him to the seeming mountain for what felt like hours, until finally a great heat was felt by all, reaching its peak. But it was no peak, Allahab realized when he looked around to see a mostly flat terrain, and to his horror… a great hole the size of all of the giant city of Alla itself. It stretched down for miles deep, but he knew from the still heat… it was not other… the very volcano of creation of riian myth. The knights marched off their horses, roughly carrying the figure of their distain and putting the wooden contraption Allahab was nailed to upward, getting rope to secure it to the edge of the great hole. When finished, the main Maor ("mah-oy-er"), the lead riian bishop among his lesser priests: The Atuill ("ed-chew-ill"). Wearing clothes of white, with a golden engraving of the Sun sword of Ri on his coned white hat, he pulled a scroll from one of his deep pockets and stated the crimes.

"Allahab of Elko, son of Jaco and Maria of Elko… Child of the Ruby Valley, and one of the few born of The Great Basin." The priest with the face boney and grim took his nose from his paper and continued while looking professional but staring daggers at Allahab's face.

"You stand with absolute certainly of the crimes committed both against the holy nation of the East, along the Alantic sea border: Kennedia, and the free and kind peoples of Neveda, The Kingdom of San Joses, and Bearfeatia. For the genocide of its peoples, for the mass killings of civilians… for endangering and attacking the Clumhach people, who Kennedia swore no harm shall come to them by a human's hand. The needless burning of the cities of Mesquite, Sparks, Jackpot, Henderson… and the complete utter devastation and evil you left in Carson City and Reno, now a pile of rumble… and the illegal and violent usurpation of the flawed but very fair king of Law Vegka… For the rape of thousands of women and humiliated young men either by your employed soldiers or by your own lust. And you and your army's great gluttony and constant "partying" that threaten to nearly starve the very people of City of Alla, once Law Vegka… under YOUR charge. Which you were recorded saying in that same city, in the city square, on March, the 19th of six years past: *"You will never let them be hungry again"**…***

For all these crimes, and the death of many beloved Griffon Legion members-"

Some of the knights seemed to grunt and some hugging each other in a "arm over shoulder" type of way, showing some grief over lost friends.

"-Normal jail, which you already been through will not suffice… and neither any other punishment we declare to nearly every vile law breaker over the history of Catholic Riism's existence. Allahab, you are sentenced the utter most punishment, the high capital punishment above treason… your rights will not be read, and for you are no longer considered a person, but a wicked teaghrianian in a man's body sent to torment all mankind… you shall be let go and fall into the *flaming* melting pits of the damned… into

Lasair ("laa-sigh-er")! Far well and let there be peace once again! Grace for talmhaigh! Grace for The Donal!"

The legionarie men cheered as the preacher slammed his book, and walked away… which begin the end of Allahab. Before the rope was cut, Allahab said curses and ravings like a mad man… his personality before seeming like a ruse as a he barked damnnations to everyone there. Screaming like a wounded cat out the priests, knights, and even the squires that he will hunt everyone last one of them, physically or not… and damn and curse their lives forever, and damning their loved ones, children, and their descendants… than damning the Donal and his vanguard himself. Calling out by name-

"I will come to the heaV ENS THEMSELVES, TOO THE VERY TOP OF THAT PETTY PATHETIC TREE... AND CHOKE THE LIFE OUT OF RI EADROM HIMSELF, TILL HE BEGS OR IS DEAD! "

With those final words, he fell down… and Allahab was never seen again and never threaten the world as a physical being. He fell for what seemed like ages, until hitting the very bottom of the world… into the underworld… he got up, his flesh and bone melting from him in the boiling heat and molten rock. Quickly escaping and walking on hot coal ground, now looking down and seeing his was now a more specter. He traveled across the hellish kingdom, resisting the pull of other souls trying to pull him into the lava and jumping fire. He traveled onward and onward, neither feeling hungry or being tired… and yet still more miserable and wrathful than he was when alive. Then he passed great obsidian columns than he saw him… a colossal frail and old bearded giant with pale red skin and blood red tattoos, strings coming from his fingers and laying around the entire giant room like a web of lies and manipulation.

"Hahahahaha.... HAHHAHHAHA!"

The giant laughed cruelly, patting a hand on his chest mockingly and in surprise that some mortal, not even one of his children would enter HIS throne hall.

"You have to be Teaghran Maistir, right? ("tee-gah-ran may-jest-stir") "

Allahab's spirit approached and Teaghran cackled as he sent waves of string and flame toward him. But Allahab rose, and become bigger and bigger… and his will and hate growing and raising grow into a ball of flame and rock in his hand. Teaghran cursed and yelled at Allahab, now fearful to step back… summoning his winged teaghranians to stop him… but it was to no avail. That ball of flame grew into a great long sword of magma and

Allahab's spirit burned with fire and became magma and flame itself… becoming as big as Teaghran. He aimed and cut off the demon king's head, just like Ri Eadrom thousands of years ago. A great echo and trembling came after and went silent… for the realm recognized it's new king, as the Blazing Man sat on his throne of obsidian. The new lord of wrath and of pain… of ego and pride… of all the seven deadly sins and greater… he was now adopted the name the Maor gave him: Feargatch ("fear-gat-ch"), The Blazing Man, Lord of Lasair.

After Allahab fell into volcanic entrance to the pits of Lasair (the underworld), the Maors and other priests and holy knights disbanded back to their lands, remarking the uneasy death with jests and an adventurous tone to their future carriers of their legacies. An older riian Maor looked over the pit… wearing tinted glasses that hid his eyes, his skin dark; the figure stared downward, and smiled.

Lochan rode on, sadden and alone without a purpose… he would stand as a king and quickly thrown out like a rabid dog from the walls of Alla. The Kingdom of Alla faded, now ran by ones who couldn't retain its voracity for long. Once last war was waged, until the Germans of the high hills of the winter northern lands would call: "Kennedia's Ragnarök" came, and all chaos ran lose until the declining age, the time period of The Collapse of Nations would rework the scale of the Americas and their players drastically. The Kennedians not knowing the meaning of the ancient term, had their final war against the "Germanic" men of the hills of the northern America to the mountainous great green mountains of The Gaofers (or in ancient tongue: The Ozarks). A war they would spell the final end for the Kennedian empire, and the beginning of a new and far longer one… in one throne room, by a great knight and a last of the Springlandian emperors… the council of nations gathered and made their new capital of Riism in the grand city of St. Louis of Springlandia, The Golden Nation of Lords.

The mother of Allahab would suffer from grief until her passing later, who became a great spirit of sorrow… wandering the lands with bare feet and open arms as a comforting shadow for all mothers who deal with the worry of children and pregnancy… The Mid-Wife of The Basin.

All the Sand Tigers who followed under their great desert messiah, conqueror of nations. After they died from the normal illnesses and natural death that fall upon us all, the good of their soul went on… but the instinctual darkness inside of destroyed, was left and their bodies risen to unthinking, unperishing wraiths. Which their faces ugly and terrible as they rot walking the earth for eternity physically and their spirits chained, wearing bronze masks boars of hell and golden beaks of plague spreaders… short knives on their hips and garments forever torn and aging more the world around them. For they have thrown their

wills as able-bodied men away, now wandering slaves bond by the will of the jewels: The Cran Colhuintir ("cur-an cool-hoo-un-tear ") and the ever returning and ever losing spirit of wrath, vengeance and pain: Feargatch, The Riian Devil, God of Mortal Evil.

(*End of the Riian third generation additions mentioning referring to the origins of Feargatch and the life of Allahab The Wrathful (THE LEABHAR, CHAPTER 20-25, Final Revision (post New American age/M.E. (modern era) *)

EXTRAS (SLIGHTLY CANON, BUT MOSTLY NOT… NOTES):

(When writing this, like a lot of my writing… I like listening to certain pieces of music to help me really get into the mood of that story. With this one, I listen to the musician Deskant (album: Sand and Sky), when I would to think about how Allahab and the world around him operates).

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1) **The End of The Bandit's Legacy** (Going in a bandit desert tavern and meeting the Sand Tigers, entering like a wind that the leader notices for a split second, then the bald headed beer breaded leader thug goes back to enjoying the company of harem around him. Allahab with his large and Conan like figure fades away like a passing shadow amongst the crowd, making the paranoid leader nervous until Allahab appears in front of him like a giant, silencing the joyful party of thugs. Allahab challenged leader in an arm wrestling competition than in single combat, and won. But instead of letting the man run, he announced his execution in-front of everyone, saying a man who loses to another is a man who doesn't deserve to live, another lesson he didn't learn from his mother but rather an excuse to satisfy his endless need to dominate others' destinies.)

2)

3) Text

4) **********

5)

1. **The City of Sin** (Entering the city of sin with his Sand Tigers, the largest desert city and hub of goods in Nevada: Las Vegas.)

2.

3. **Devil's Disgrace** (Allahab violent cavalry raid on Las Vegas. Using red lightning to destroy it's walls, and does a warcry as he jumps from his horse when at the capital building of governance in the city, killing soldiers, wives, children, and going to the building on foot with his short sword with the jewel of strength in a metal slot in the leather armor on his chest and the a metal slot shaped like a metal hand projection with the Jewel of Power in it. He beheads the king and rides on his horse declaring to everyone to stop fighting for their king is dead. He proclaims himself king of Las Vegas and walks up to a little boy and their mother with the king's severed head being held by his blonde hair in the grasp of Allahab's right hand to his side. Allahab like a giant above everyone looking to the boy, the mother cloaked in grabs with a flowery cloth above her head gets on her knees and pleads for Allahab to spare her and her son. Allahab simply asks the boy if he liked the king, and if he was a good king. The boy paralyzed with fear looking the decapitated head says back: "***I don't know***". Allahab smiles and leans to the kid with the face and expression of a victorious barbarian, and asks: "***Do you believe in his strength, or mine? If he is strong, why is his head in my hand?***" 4. The boy looked the ground and leaned to his mother's side. "***You have nothing? Did the king even feed you?…***" The boy nodded shyly… Allahab stood above and turned infront of everyone. "***As a promise as king! No one here will ever go hungry! AS KING YOU WILL HAVE PLENTY AND BE***

PROSPEROUS!" Allahab's raiders cheered as the city's inhabitants joined in, both ones in fear and ones in excitement.)

5.

6. **Drunken Feast of Terrible Victory** (When Allahab party and feast in the tallest tower of Las Vegas (which belonged to the now dead mayor of the desert capital), in the orgy room. Allahab truly now abandoning the principles of his mother and people, like he even cared in the first place.)

7.

8. **A Mother's Worry** (His mother reunites with Allahab, who she is very happy is alive and has been searching the desert for years to find her boy. Hoping now he will return and be the responsible leader of their people. But like any psychopath, no one matters more than himself.)

9.

10. **Mourning Winds Of A Mother, And The Man Who Lost His Way** (Allahab slaps his mother and kicks her down the long stairway to his throne. And proclaims to his injured and emotional distraught mother that he will do what he wants and he will never bend to any authority, not even to Ri or God, for he is more important and handsome than they every hope to be. The agreeable soldiers and maidens clear him on with total natural obedience, while skeptics stare on in absolute disgust.)

11.

12.

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13.

14. **Brandon the Autistic of Jackpot Vs the Wrath of King Allahab**

15.

16. (Brandon was happy with his family, with his wife and two children, and his parents living with him. He was content, not happy, but content. And Allahab may have happiness many times through good and bad ways, but that isn't exactly permanent.

Brandon was a smooth faced man, who seemed to look like a boy. A thin pale white body, with hidden muscle... big pale cheeks, thick fluffy black eyebrows and eyes with a seeming black outline around them (like Allahab's), and a shaved soldier head with black hair.

Allahab wanted Jackpot as a place for his soldiers to rest, a garrison town only of soldiers. So he told the inhabitants of Jackpot to leave in the next full moon, and if they didn't, they would be serfs of the Alla military. Allahab and his best garrison went to his home, because

Brandon refused to live his ancestry farming home, even though the rest of the villagers left Jackpot, and weren't exactly good people.

Allahab screamed in Brandon's face, but Brandon stayed completely still and plain. Even when the strongest man in Neveda, a man who destroyed castle walls with godly power... not even a storm or tornado would not make Brandon even flinch. Allahab may have a strong body, but he has a weak mind, a mind of a teaghranian. While Brandon's body is weak, his mind and will is diamond, stronger than any blade or mystic power Allahab could possibly conquer. A power Allahab would never know, contentment.

Allahab stared back at his plain face, with a tilted head upward for a intense sinister glare. Allahab's soldiers around him were beyond shocked, someone rejecting the frighting power of a single man who they themselves did not want to stand the way of. They believed in the power of Allahab, just as they believed in the power of the king of Las Vegas, for dogs want a worthy master to serve, and they seldom think of a life without men of power that dominate them. That's what made Brandon the rare exception, for he lived as a vessel for his family to sail in, not as a tool to be used to kill any pests royalty wants gone.)

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17.
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18.

19. **A Devil of The Great Basin** (Conquering all of Neveda and then raiding cities in Bearfeatia and along Neveda’s borders, now called: “Kingdom of Alla”. After their: “God King”)

20.

21. **The Holy Host** (Riian priests and arch Maors and knights across the lands of New America and from Kennedia finally have enough, and come together as one military force to hunt and destroy Allahab, The Great Enemy,)

22.

23. **A Mother’s Love** (Has a dream where he talks to a tall white drab being whose face is cover by a golden circle of light. Discussing his life and what it could of been if he was humble and not born selfish. When he is the humble leader of Elko.)

24.

25. **The Open Cave** (The holy being shows Allahab him how he would be if he followed his mother's advice, however the being remarks how Allahab's nature is of a soulless hungry wolf, and he would devour and conquer the agreeable sheep around him until he died with a full belly and a pile of gold holding up his grave, taken from the victims he called his allies. "Only a graveyard of needless destruction, just so what?… to be a God-king? That's is and was never your fate, or a thing the world could offer you. Luckly, you are a peasant so you have and never had the feet of a emperor. You could have been a big fish in a pond of little fish who would gladly let other whisper poison into their ears, but jumped into the ocean, and now the sharks are surrounding you…" (Allahab hears footsteps and gasps of strained muscles before waking up with the overwhelming glare of the desert sun in his eyes as his hands and feet were tied to a large wooden cross, feeling the vessel going up and down as sweaty tired men carried up the stretch of the seemingly mountain side).
26.
27. **The Ascent Up Mount Lasair (far north, Mount Rainier, Washington)** (Allahab carried up an inactive volcano nailed to a large wooden cross)
28.
29. **The Curses of A False Prophet, A Devil of Words** (Allahab's last horrible words and curses, damming everyone to hell as he himself is thrown into hell.)
30.
31. **Crying Winds** (Credits theme, outro,)
32.
33.
34. //
35.
36. Writer Note:
37.
38. (Allahab dictated by his mother and father was already a strong baby who would probably be a very strong man unlike many of the other children in Elko, so perhaps he could lead their town as their chieftain and become the manager of wheat fields and they could get a great harvest under his leadership with the right devotness to Ri Eadrom (the main god and leader of all heaven in Riism, the sun, storm, and sky god). But this would not be the path Allahab follows…)
39.
40. Ri Eadrom ("ree ee-drum")
41.

42. Dulra (“duel-rah”)
43.
44. Teaghran Maistir (“tea-gah-ran may-gist-ter”)
45.
46. Nadur Consintar (commoner tongue) / (original name in book: Nadur Cosantóir (“nah-door con-sin-tar”)
47.
48. Allahab (“al-la-hab:)
49.
50. Feargatch (“fear gah-at-ch”)
51.
52. The Griffon Legion (The long standing riian knights split into two factions, one that is the high guard that stay in Kennedia, and the majority of them who ride around different American Countries in the east and west to preserve their own type of order. Constantly getting into trouble and skirmishes with the country militias (especially with the Bearfeatian border guard). Their symbol and name of the griffon come from the second holy king: Henry Bloomer, who on his death bed thought the griffin was his spirit animal and his house of the Bloomers and the knights under him went under that name. Though their tongue twisted over time… calling it “Griffon”, instead of Griffin… which would eventually stick… becoming a weird symbol for people far into the future of the many foolish actions they done over across all of America during their long stay in power for a period of many hundred years. and spread themselves and the word of Riism across North America… being the main reason 300 hundred years after Henry Bloomer’s death as why so many have converted to Catholic Riism and made different versions of it which some worship Nadur as the main god due to his more direct involvement with humanity. The Griffon Legion oppressing these other variants of Riism heavily and have been known to due secret genocides to silence and stop the growth of these variants (especially ones who believe in Nadur as the main god, and Ri being a falsehood. One important being known as Nadurism, believed by the Frost Clan who were almost wipped out by the Griffon Legion before the Collapse of Nations, and than almost wipped out again by The Iron Legion lead by riian ex-baron of Springland: Tom Lynch, two hundred years later.)
53.
54. Aituil (“ed-chew-wool”) (common riian priests)
55.
56. High Aituils (The leader among the riian priests in a city)
57.
58. Bainisteoirs (‘bon-ish-star’) (The religious leader of an county of a state)
59.
60. Maor (‘ma-oi-er’) (The religious leader of the state)

61.

62. Archmoar (The religious leader of the country)

63.

64. The Eisteoir (“ay-ch-door”) (pope of the entire riian religion, living in the city of Kennedia (once going by the name and sometimes still called: Raleigh, North Carolina province.)

65.

66. Pemmican (“pim-ah-kin”) strips, the food of the ancient native horseriders, the buffalo chasers

67.

68. Dusta/Piocadus, The Lord of The Great Basin, The Dust God (Crowned with stone and clay, bearded with body of moving sand. The titan Piocadus summoned Allahab to his realm at the top of Ruby Mountain and asked Allahab now king of Las Vegas. Renamed to Alla. If he really thinks he is the lord of Nevada, god-king of the desert. Piocadus is the only god of that land and will forever be that, Allahab is just a mortal. However Allahab declares Piocadus is nothing more than a failed deity and winner of a long since unrelevant battle, and with Allahab’s new kingdom, Piocadus will be no more and Alla will worship him. The god outraged, sent a wind as powerful as a hurricane toward Allahab, but with his God jewels of power and strength, he combine the blue power and red power into one single lightning bolt and threw at Piocadus with unthinkable speed and smelted and killed the god of sand, turning the elemental being into dust and his giant stone crown falling to the ground.)

69.

70. Vintis, The Black, Great Oathkeeper (“vinn-tiss”) (The leader of the black Clumhach, or Wolfkin people. Deemed as quote: “Me and these people last of my kind, the followers of Alpha, the black clans of the Clumhach reborn! Don’t you understand, warlord? I can’t let this be the end, my people must live on!”. He the last leader of the lineage of Vinatate, The First Lord of The Sands, and his clan of the Black Riders. He went to war against Allahab in the Ruby Valley, and after many significant battles which favored the Black Riders due to guerrilla warfare and perfectly chosen locations and times for ambushes. Though Allahab would finally come and defeat the naturally stronger Clumhach (who one can defeat ten men by themselves, as strong as bears or a chimpanzee) with his God Jewels. Though with courage, Vintis himself would charge and fight Allahab with only a iron kite shield with the red infinity symbol strapped to his left upper arm and a short sword, but lost.

71.

72. The thing is, Vintis and his people were the ones who protected Elko and served as their guardians and police as long as the people gave them Fig and wheat everyday. Of course Vintis’s people grew their own tomatoes and potatoes, and gave some share to the people who lived in Ruby Valley and Elko. However, Allahab made the excuse infront of

Vintis's face after he told him this, that his people liked to stood above them and thought them better than any human because of natural strength. Vintis said:

73. "This just our very few youth, they feel intimidated and upset that they are the few left in this world, and they live in a world of men. Do not fret them, just please… let my people go… oppress them or anything… just… I made a promise that my people will survive until the end of time. Please." Allahab got up and looked around, than with his sword he raised it into the air and commanded that all the Black Rider members are to be killed now, including women and any young ones. Still staring into Vintis's eyes, he pointed his sword toward Vintis's chest and plunged it into Vintis's heart. In his final breaths, Allahab whispered to the dying old warrior: "You people will never be with humanity, your freeriding with us ends now." .)

74.

75. Big Carson (The only man alive that beat Allahab in single combat with his God Jewels (both strength (blue) and power (red)), a man of small stature and stout (looked like Butterbean), in Carson City. When Allahab ran overwhelmed, he dropped the jewels in panic and Carson took them with his bare hands and went to rush against the army, but in rare panic and fear, Allahab screamed at the top of his lungs for all his archers to shoot the man down. And so they did and Carson on that day would be filled with over 2 hundred arrows, but no wounds on his back after weeks of non-stop fighting, the pride of Carson City fell.)

76.

77. Maria Azte

78.

79. Jaco Azte

80.

81. Aunt Marinos Adopoulos (or "Mare Addo") ("mah-air odd-dough")

82.

83.

84.

85.

86.

87. /// ////
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